

THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. V

MAY, 1905

NO. 5

THE PROTECTIVE MIMICRY OF INSECTS

BY WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFERT

In the eyes of the naturalist the world is a vast arena, and every creature a gladiator engaged in a fierce combat with a myriad of enemies—a combat in which mercy is unknown, in which thumbs are relentlessly turned down, and in which treachery and cunning are qualities as virtuous as courage and strength. Not merely in the instinctive hatred of one animal for another is this combat rooted but chiefly in the lust of life, in the desire to escape starvation. Lack of food means weakness to an animal; and weakness means death. Every hour, every minute, every second this bloody battle is waged.

Darwin called this incessant warfare "natural selection," or "the struggle for existence"—terms that have taken their place in the vocabulary of everyday life. Although the weapons and the tactics employed in this struggle are much the same among both the higher and the lower animals, the most striking confirmation of the Darwinian theory is to be found in the insect world. In that world we find that both the hunter and the hunted have

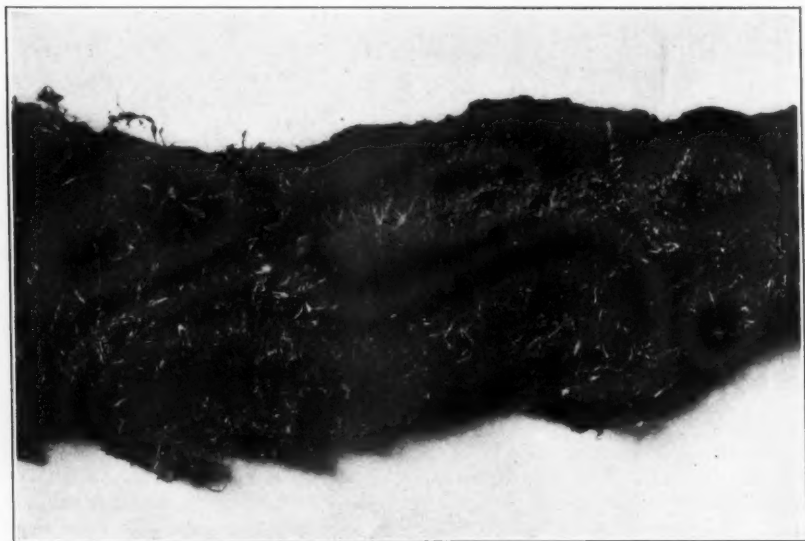
unconsciously contrived almost incredibly subtle artifices for outwitting each other, and that each insect is given a disguise by nature, designed to render its wearer invisible to his foe and sometimes to his prey.

We have been told that one method whereby the weak are enabled to escape the strong and the cowards to elude the brave consists in a protective simulation of surrounding objects. For the same reason that a woodsman has clad himself in green ever since the days of Robin Hood, many insects have adopted liveries that harmonize closely with the flowers and the trees upon which they habitually repose. So exact is the protective resemblance that even the professional collector is often deceived. Instances of this form of concealment are well-nigh innumerable. The *Catocala* moth, a widely distributed genus, is conspicuous enough in flight; but once it rests on a tree-trunk, flattened against the bark, with its well defined dark hind wings drawn beneath the mottled gray fore wings, it defies discovery. So accurately has nature painted and spotted the fore wings to

imitate the effect of rough bark that the most vigilant enemy of the moth must pass it by. Often the adaptation is so refined that these moths are tinted to resemble one tree more closely than another, because that particular kind of tree is usually selected for feeding or for rest. Thus we find a species of *Catocala* that looks for all the world like a piece of birch bark, even to the blotches of black. A certain South

stones on which they crawl; and some finding protection in a dun-colored disguise that is an accurate reproduction in color of the leaf-strewn forest soil where they abound. They are all of one family—these beetles; and yet no two species are exactly alike in hue. To escape its enemies each has donned a mask best suited for its purpose in its struggle for existence.

A moth usually rests with his fore



THE DISGUISE OF A COMMON CATERPILLAR

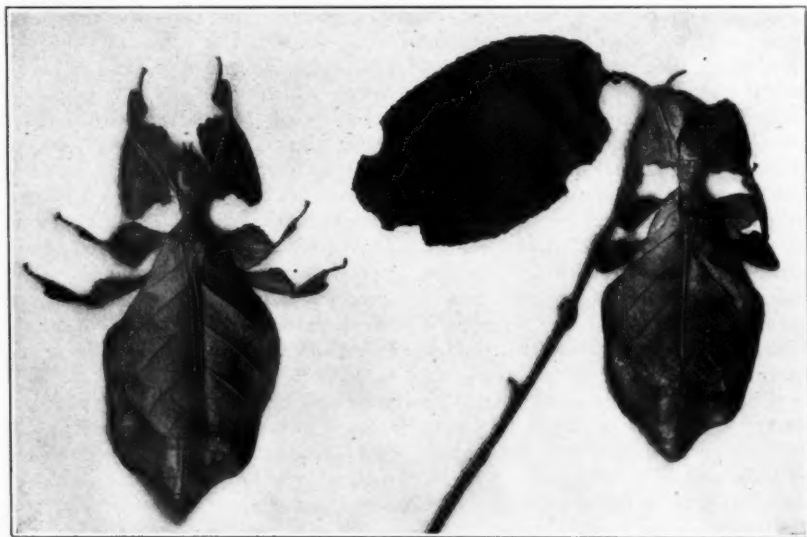
To escape its bird foes this caterpillar is protectively tinted to imitate moss-grown bark, and the legs of the insect are fringed to imitate moss.

American beetle is found on one kind of tree only, and is so marvelously well assimilated to the bark that it can be discovered only when it stirs. Some caterpillars that live on trees resemble the lichens and moss of bark, the imitation being so true that the tuft-like appearance of such growths is produced. The numerous species of the tiger beetle all vary in color to suit their surroundings, some having the sandy color of the seashore where they are found; some simulating the green, wet, slimy

wings outspread over the prominent pattern of his hind wings. In any other posture he would inevitably meet a swift death. A butterfly, on the contrary, rests usually with his wings uplifted and pressed together. Otherwise, the gaudy upper surface would be as conspicuous as the black ink on this white paper—a signal for attack by relentless and voracious foes. In order to hide himself the butterfly has, therefore, lavished all the resources of his imitative art on the under surface of his wings.

By far the most astonishing instance of this kind is afforded by the East Indian *Kallima* butterfly, the blue upper surface of which is richly and ostentatiously adorned with a stripe of orange, but the under surface of which bears a truly staggering likeness to a leaf, when the wings are drawn together. Here we have an insect that apes not merely the approximate shape and color of a dead leaf but also the midrib with the

holes eaten by caterpillars. Is it any wonder that Alfred Russell Wallace, trained naturalist, keen-eyed observer, was unable to find the *Kallima* when it sought refuge from his net in a bush of dead leaves? How absolutely impenetrable is this disguise may be gathered from the circumstance that *Kallima* butterflies so successfully elude their enemies that they are among the most common in India, Ceylon, and the



THE INDIAN WALKING LEAF

An insect in which adaptation to foliage has been so faithfully carried out that even the legs are leaf-like in form

delicate veining, the sharp point, and the short stem common to many tropical leaves. It might be supposed that this imitation of an ordinary object is sufficiently minute to protect the *Kallima* from its enemies. Self-preservation apparently demands touches even more exquisite; for the resemblance has been so craftily carried out that not merely is a dead leaf simulated but in the lighter-colored varieties a dead, shriveled leaf flecked with parasitic growths, stained, and spotted to give the appearance of

Malay Archipelago. Hardly two specimens are exactly alike. The colors vary within as wide limits as the hues of decaying leaves.

Additional examples of the incredible fidelity with which insects have adapted themselves to their environment could be given almost without number. There are "walking-sticks," familiar probably to every country-bred boy, that conform perfectly to a spray of twigs with all the polished nodes, and must actually be touched before one can be persuaded

that they are living things; locusts that can scarcely be told from young, uncurling leaves; spiders that deceive their prey with pitiful ease by their fatal resemblance to a knot on a tree-branch; caterpillars that escape the ready beaks of hungry birds by assuming the rigidity, shape, and coloration of a twig with its knobs and buds, only to fall a prey to the pruning shears of some gardener on whom they have only too successfully imposed; and some phasmids known to entomology as the genus *Phyllium*, persecuted by insect-eaters into so excellent a likeness to a fresh green leaf that, when they crawl among foliage, they seem not insects at all but just a moving mass of leaves. The boughs of an oak may often be infested with larvæ that pass muster for budding sprigs. Eggs are laid not only upon the exact plant that will constitute the future caterpillar's food but on the under side of leaves that most nearly resemble him in color. Never is a mistake made by the mother. If a caterpillar lives on grass he is sure to be ribbed and veined up and down like grass; if he feeds on broad leaves he will display a midrib and branching, vein-like streaks. Men who make it their business to capture the larvæ of the Death's-head moth, because they receive so much for each specimen, find but one in many days—all because the yellow and green of the potato plant on which it lives and the lavender of the flowers are so wonderfully well copied.

Immunity from attack would be only temporarily attained if insects were not able to adapt themselves to those chromatic changes in their surroundings caused by the seasons. Verdant leaves are, after all, an accompaniment of spring and summer alone; and a creature dressed in green would be infallibly betrayed by its glaring contrast with the russet hues of autumn. But nature's disguise conceals its wearers even in these dire straits. Some caterpillars—

that of the Privet Hawk moth is a pertinent instance—have the wonderful power of modifying their coloration to suit their environment. When complete growth has been attained, they creep from their summer abode of green foliage to the dark ground. Because their green-patched livery would be fatally inappropriate when this migration occurs, we find them just before their descent assuming a jacket of brown that harmonizes admirably with their new tenement. On the other hand, some of the "stick caterpillars"—among them that of the August Thorn moth—which would meet a speedy death but for their resemblance to the twigs of the elm on which they feed, discard their modest dress of brown for one of green when the cocoon stage of development is reached and the background against which they are seen is one of leaves. So marvelously assimilative are some larvæ, and so far-reaching is the law of natural selection, that sometimes two differently colored caterpillars of the same moth may exist side by side. The most striking example of this phenomenon is afforded by the Large Emerald moth, the caterpillars of which are sometimes brown, sometimes green—depending upon the surroundings in which they live.

Not every insect in the world is a facsimile of a leaf, or a twig, or a piece of bark. Every meadow on a summer day swarms with a winged host blatantly heralding its existence by colors that must seem cordial invitations to its enemies. Why is it that they are not attacked? For a long time that question puzzled Darwin. Here are countless creatures roaming the world, flaunting themselves in the sunshine, courting death. What is the talisman that saves them? After much futile speculation it was finally ascertained that many of these gaily tinted denizens of the air are horribly distasteful to insect-eating epicureans and frequently endowed with the most nauseous qualities. They find



A BIRCH-BARK MOTH

The American *Catocala* moth has two sets of wings, differing vastly in marking. When the rear wings are folded under the forward wings and the moth seeks its usual resting-place, a birch tree, it can scarcely be distinguished from the bark.



THE "WALKING-STICK"

This insect mimics the twigs of a tree so minutely that in order to distinguish it from its surroundings it must actually be touched and frightened into movement.

their salvation by advertising themselves—boldly and flamboyantly. Their colors are danger signals not to be disregarded. The light yellow body of the caterpillar that develops into the Magpie Moth is gaudily spotted with orange and black. A little experimental tasting has taught every bird, lizard, and frog to avoid the creature that wears these colors. The caterpillar that strips the foliage of our oaks and elms toward the close of summer is likewise a squirming cylinder of black, yellow, and orange. Insect-eaters reject it often with signs of intense disgust. And thus red and black ladybirds, yellow-striped hornets, wasps and bees, black and red beetles, and a host of insects preserve themselves by brazenly proclaiming their offensive tastes or odors or dangerous stings to all the inimical world.

Other insects that would prove delicious morsels to greedy foes have not been slow to profit by the immunity that is granted by a warning garb. They have actually mimicked obnoxious species protected by garish hues in order to escape death themselves, and this with such amazing accuracy that not only is the enemy but even the collector completely tricked. Wallace tells us that one of the crickets of the Philippine Islands is so minute a copy of a certain hostile tiger beetle that a famous entomologist placed it in his cabinet of beetles and retained it there for a long time before he discovered his mistake. In the jungles of the Amazon species of butterflies are found that mimic the species *Heliconidæ*. Entomologically they are all as distinct as horses and cows, and yet the one species is a photographically exact counterfeit of the other. The *Heliconidæ* possess an atrocious odor and taste, and accordingly are as brilliantly conspicuous as oxeye daisies in a green field. So free are they from attack that they flap lazily along, utterly indifferent to danger and perfectly secure in their sickening attributes. The mimickers so cleverly

copy the markings, form of wings, and heavy flight of the *Heliconidæ* that spiders drop them from their webs and small monkeys reject them, despite their palatability. In almost every box of butterflies sent to our museums from South America *Heliconidæ* are to be found, placed side by side with imitators under the impression that they are all of the same species. Some Clear-Wing moths are such exact reproductions of hornets that most of us would shrink from them in fear. The mimicry is consistently carried out, too; for when seized the insect actually moves its body as if it were about to sting.

It should not be supposed that self-defence is always the primary object of this masquerade. There are insects of prey as well as birds of prey, and these cunningly adopt mimicry as a strategic weapon. Certain tropical spiders that subsist on ants are as like their prey as the proverbial two peas. Some parasitic flies live in the larval stage upon the larvæ of bees and wasps. The parent fly boldly enters the nest of a bee, lays the eggs from which the larvæ are to develop, and departs unmolested.

Many a defenceless insect resorts to the expedient of terrifying its enemies by its likeness to a dangerous animal or by suddenly assuming a horrible aspect. The principle is about the same as that of frightening a child by grimacing at it. Like this gentle parental method of correction it fails as often as it succeeds. The most successful terror-inspiring masker is probably the "hickory-horned devil," a perfectly harmless caterpillar of the Royal Per-simmon moth of our Southern States, but so fiercely threatening in appearance that it enjoys an enviable reputation for deadliness. Its green body, often half a foot in length, is capped by a vivid orange crown, which on the approach of an enemy is ominously shaken in a way that makes a rattlesnake seem lamb-like in comparison,

A certain South American caterpillar startled its discoverer by its unpleasant resemblance to a viper. Indeed, snake-like appearances are not unusual. A part with such dramatic possibilities of intimidation presupposes an actor of considerable size; and accordingly we find that the caterpillars who assume it are often a foot or more in length.

These wonderful species of insects,

are yet possessed of useful, inheritable differences. If all insects were permitted to live the world would be devastated by them. It happens, however, that their enemies likewise multiply in geometrical ratio, so that a proper balance is maintained. So numerous are these enemies, and so powerful, that sometimes the quest of food is anything but successful. The food of one beetle is



THE YELLOW UNDERWING

When at rest this moth clings to a rough-barked tree, the markings of which are imitated with startling accuracy by the forward wings.

it has been stated, are all of them products of the struggle for existence. In order to grasp the significance of that struggle as well as its necessity, and to show how leaf-like and bark-like insects developed from older and less adequately concealed forms, we must not forget the fundamental principle that all organisms tend to reproduce their kind in geometrical ratio, and that offspring, although similar to their parents,

consumed by another; rain and wind, cold and heat, kill many butterflies; in a word, premature death falls upon a creature in a thousand and one ways. Although the offspring always outnumber their parents, yet the number of living insects, thanks to birds and beasts of prey, remains fairly constant.

Because of this rapid propagation and because of the struggle that prevents an overwhelming accumulation of any one

species, the exquisite adaptations of butterflies to leaves and of moths to bark have been produced. A colossal assumption must be made, however, before we can fully understand how protective resemblance and mimicry have played their part in the struggle for life—an assumption that is, indeed, the weakest spot in the Darwin theory. Natural selection presupposes that every mark-

stock some members were preserved because of some slight marking or color which their ancestors did not possess—characteristics, in a word, that brought them more in chromatic harmony with their environment. These markings and colors were transmitted. The offspring intensified whatever resemblance there was to a leaf until finally the adaptation reached its present perfection.



THE MOURNING CLOAK BUTTERFLY

To avoid capture this butterfly lies flat against the trunk of a similarly colored tree so that the edges of its wings will harmonize almost perfectly with the tints of the bark.

ing, every tint, every peculiarity of habit must have been useful at some time in the history of a species; and that these characteristics are not only inherited but intensified as they are transmitted. Millions of years ago the *Kallima* butterfly was not the beautiful counterfeit leaf of today. Probably it was like many another butterfly. And like other butterflies it was unsparingly persecuted by hostile insect-eaters. Of this primeval

After that the *Kallima* was fairly secure and increased abundantly. Although many naturalists are inclined to doubt the possibility of intensifying useful characteristics by heredity, and have advanced theories that new species are not necessarily the products of age long evolution but sports of nature, or spasmodic phenomena, it cannot be denied that the teachings of Darwin still hold a dominating place in biology.



Courtesy of M. Gaston Worth

M. WORTH, PÈRE

Probably the best known of the older school of Parisian dressmakers

THE BIRTH OF THE FASHIONS

HOW PARIS RULES THE WORLD OF DRESS

BY ANNA MARGRETTA EWING

It is a perfect September day. Paris is radiant in the sunlight of her lovely French autumn. For two hours the Bois has been resplendent with superb turnouts occupied by women well-known in the famous city, daintily gowned for the afternoon drive and delighted to breathe again, for a few weeks, the air of their beloved Paris. Now, many of the best equipped carriages are standing before the doors of the celebrated tailors while, within, the creators of the fashions are bowing to a hundred demands.

The mellow autumn afternoon affords enough light, as yet, to show the models in the artistic salons of one of the greatest dressmakers. The owner has been standing before a fastidious society woman, pointing out with the manner of a courtier the newest designs. That his anxiety to please has not been effaced by the blandest of smiles is due to his certainty that in the styles she is a leader whose power is nearly as far reaching as his own.

As he bows the *au revoir* he turns with delighted expression to an actress, famous for her gowns and her caprices. She has refused all attention from the employees; and she cries, petulantly:

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur; but I thought you would never be released!"

"I am chagrined that you have been inconvenienced, Mademoiselle," he replies soothingly, "but it will be charming to hear your opinion of the new styles."

"They nearly distract me, Monsieur. The colors are beautiful; but the lines

are not all possible for me. I will try a net robe like the one you show; but have the goodness to lower the medallions from the shoulders, and have some others descending from the hips down on the skirt."

"*Eh bien*, I follow, Mademoiselle. But for the many——"

"La, la, the many! They are sheep!" Then, with a complete change of manner, as she hurries across the room to have a closer view of an exquisite dinner dress: "How chic, how divine is this rose-colored gown, with its touches of amber! How could you devise such a ravishing thing?"

"It would be enchanting, set off by Mademoiselle's coloring." Monsieur makes the suggestion lightly.

"*Merci bien*; you are quick to observe, Monsieur. I will have such a gown; but all of amber. And the touches, on mine, will be of rose, *n'est ce pas?* Ah, yes, the fitter; *au revoir*."

It would have been difficult for the pretty head of the French actress to comprehend how the fashions had been planned, so many and almost intangible were the ideas, and so difficult their adaptation. The number of scouts who had been sent out, the sheets of notes that had been made for the exaggeration or modification of old styles, the color combinations tried, and the multitude of suggestions discarded, would have amazed her, though she had doubtless learned from experience something of the countless feasible tricks of change. Society's devotee would have been surprised if told of

the rivalry that existed in the designing-room while the exquisite model for her ball dress was being originated. To her no mention is made, either, of the obscure little *couturière* who in the heat of August begged a word with the head-designer. The young dressmaker had timidly offered a new idea for approval, and upon the strength of its intrinsic excellence she had been permitted to carry away goods and trimming sufficient to make a calling costume along the lines of her design. The dress, when completed, was placed before a committee for examination and was instantly recognized as the work of an artist. The pale little dressmaker trembled, first with suspense, then with delight, over her dealings with the great man; and, finally, with joy over her success.

Hardly a hint is given, in the opera cloak which Monsieur regards hopefully, of the first conception that has found an apotheosis in its finished beauty. It was the result of a careless moment, when a well gowned woman stood, ready for her carriage, near a richly tinted *portière*. The delicate shades of her dress and cloak blended to perfection under the harmonizing touch lent by the color of the heavy plush background. Monsieur's practiced eye noted the possibilities in the color scheme; he followed his inspiration to faultless completion. The tailored suit, from which a half-dozen orders have been booked today, was suggested by one of the employees as an improvement upon an ordinary gown which had caught his attention during an idle promenade, when the gaudy colors worn by a group of ballet-girls were mentally adapted to the proper shades and proportions for the gown which, but an hour ago, was ordered especially to grace the Governor's ball at Algiers.

In every dressmaking establishment the many odd caprices and ventures that assist in the origination of new

fashions are supplemented by earnest thinking and contriving, done by two or four head-designers who consult with the owner. Under the managers are often as many as a hundred men and women, every one clever and experienced in the business which from the hour of woman's lost Paradise has been man's labor of love for the betterment of nature by art. Drawings are often submitted to the head of the house; but frequently the most successful models are those which have been made up from the best material at the start. The employee entrusted with that crowning responsibility followed some happy inspiration in the effort to improve upon all that went before.

And yet, ambitious as every great Paris tailor is to be dependent upon his own resources solely, it is characteristic of Paris, maelstrom of the beautiful, that no opportunity shall be overlooked which promises the brilliant idea. As the humble dressmaker is free to the presence of the sovereign of the modes, he himself is rejoiced to hold the brushes of any one who may be truly great in art. Fournnery, the famous painter and designer, holds a unique position in relation to the great dressmakers. They vie with one another in their efforts to induce him to sketch costumes. It is a matter for their utmost diplomacy, for he has a thousand orders too many, and he is as much the successful artist, through his pictures that hang in the Salon, as he is the besieged designer and illustrator. To praise he is deaf, to cajolery indifferent; he accepts orders for costume designs simply to satisfy an innate love of artistic dressing.

"Ah, oui!" he will say to a favored caller, "I make the designs; it pleases me at times, for variety. Come, I will show you one not yet completed."

This is indeed an honor, for Monsieur Fournnery's studio is a place the appearance of which is left to the imagination of all but a dozen of his friends. The young artist, with a Frenchman's

inimitable courtesy, will escort his guest to the studio where there are pictures and sketches in all the rich profusion of the lustily creative mind. Here one can breathe the rich, intoxicating, yet refined, atmosphere of genuine French art—as it is dreamed about but seldom realized in the merry, grimy studios of the Latin Quarter. Passing before a nearly finished design, Fournnery will explain:

"You comprehend, it is drawn as if for the Salon. First I make the figure; then I clothe it in lingerie, next the hat, then Madame's gown. So—is she not chic? *Voilà!*"

It is easy to see that Monsieur Fournnery enjoys his coöperation with the dress-makers, both in art and in recognition of their widespread influence. In the supremacy of the best tailors one sees an exemplification of "Might makes right," as acknowledged by an entire, well dressed world. To the French mind the celebrated tailors and dressmakers are the magnates of France. Let other greatness win its brief applause—the Fashion King is lauded more as each season confirms his supremacy. His customers adore him; their fathers and husbands acknowledge his importance, being appreciative of the blessing that some mortal here below can transform the home into an Eden, for a time, by means of a box of frivols.

Monarch in the realm of finery stands Paquin. "Is it true?" some one asks. "Why, then, have we always heard so much more about Worth?"

"*Mon dieu, mais oui!*" exclaims the French woman in answer. "The Mai-

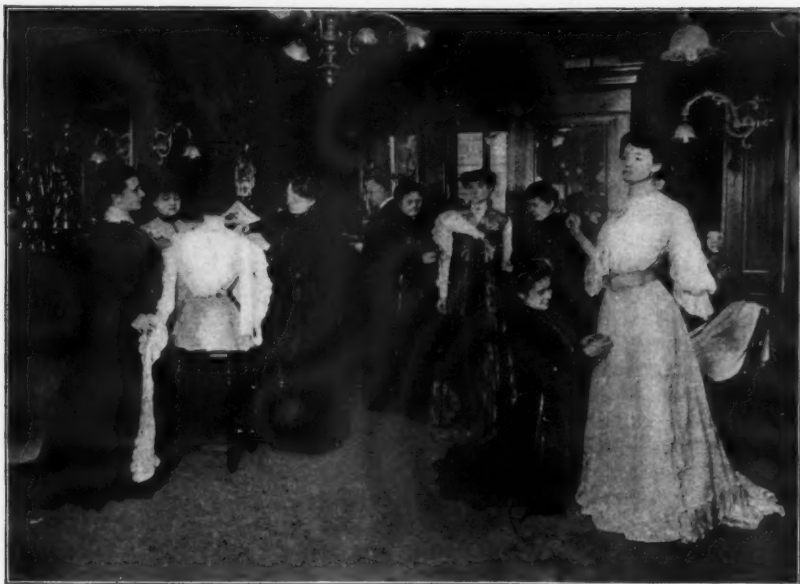
son Worth is of an excellence; but Paquin has made the new school in his art. And he is so charming! Truly he is a genius, the handsome Paquin; and his wife, whom he married while he was a clerk in the Bourse, she too



HOW ART SERVES FASHION

The cover of a Paris milliner's announcement card

is a wonder." And she whispers it low: "She was a quiet little dressmaker from nowhere of any importance; but her perfect taste and training have shown in their business. Nobody can outdo Paquin. And his establishment—*magnifique!*"



FASHIONS IN THE MAKING

The creation, with living models, of some 1905 fashions, in a famous Parisian establishment

Doucet is another who holds a scepter in the kingdom, a large part of his business list showing the names of prominent stage artists. He likes to have it understood that he himself is less a tailor than an artist; and his judgment as a collector has made him the possessor of many fine paintings. At the end of his hours in Paris he may be seen driving in stately style through the forest of Saint-Germain, where his spirited horses hold the glances of admiring eyes. His salons and showrooms are noted for their beautiful stage effects.

The dashing characteristics of Doucet are left in the background by the fierce outbursts of Ernest, one of the originators of the system of selling modes to foreign markets. His talents in dressmaking hold his customers; but a testy temper has brought down upon him a nickname that is fast cooling his choler. Early disappointments, in preparing for his career, put his splendid

success doubly to his credit. No one rejoices over the change more than do his employees, for Monsieur Ernest has always insisted upon giving his personal supervision to every appointment for a fitting.

Widely different are the conditions in the Worth establishment. Worth *père*, now deceased, adhered strictly to the old-school system, when the head of such a house was an awe-inspiring mystery, an unapproachable master in his particular realm of art. He was a type, and with his death ended the whole era of solemn, inscrutable grandeur in tailoring. His exclusive ideas are today partly followed by his two sons, Jean and Gaston, who inherited the *Maison Worth*. Of the two brothers only one is really active in the business. Upon meeting him, one can readily credit it that the quiet, distinguished-looking man is averse to advertising and to any lowering of the dignity of the old-time régime.

Monsieur Worth, secure in a reputa-

tion that is part of history, can smile over the meteoric success of an Armand, who three years ago flashed into the Saye Palace. The veterans of the art of fashion are very human, and they can feel as the Condés could feel toward the Napoleons and the Murats. But to a Walles a Worth may turn with sympathy, for she is the daughter of one of the collaborators of Worth père, and has been for some time personally the proprietress of Pingot's, an establishment prominent enough even before her name supplanted that of the founder. Mme. Walles is by right of achievement among the new Immortals, for it is acknowledged that she gives the *cachet* of aristocratic style to everything she produces.

And the newcomers who have arrived are numerous enough. Who is in demand for marvelous gowns wherever gaiety reigns, we may ask, with Maxim's in mind. The reply is Doeuillet. Hear one of his fair customers speak of him to a friend: "Such eyes, *chérie*, such eyes; and of such a brilliance!" But it is expensive to be fitted near those clear, soft eyes; it is one of the fashionable world's luxuries which enable the owner of those eyes to become notorious for spending two hundred thousand francs for one day's cheerful outing.

Almost as handsome and charming as Paquin and Doeuillet is Francis. For years he prepared for his leadership. He did a thing unheard-of in complacent Paris; he spent a season in New York studying American methods. At present he is one of the wealthiest in his class, and his personal popularity is wider than that of his contemporaries. His courtesy is perfection; it has become a Parisian byword, as any one in the *haute société* will affirm.

The American traveler needs no reminder of the newly prevailing Beer. All have heard of his costly perfection, and of the spice of mystery that adds to his success. Who is he? Nobody

knows. What is his first name—his real name? No one knows. And not one can speak with any certainty of his nationality. His work is elaborate, yet delicate; and the splendid salons have such an atmosphere of rest that Beer has been called the "enemy of noise."

In Paris, today, one of the most difficult persons with whom to obtain an interview is Rouff. His nervous exactions in behalf of the sacredness of his old-school privacy were proved by the experience of a young English duchess in his establishment. Rouff shares with La Ferriere—who has been appointed by royal warrant dressmaker to Queen Alexandra—the best English trade in Paris; and the young duchess is one of the Rouff clientele's chief gems. Twice on the day in question she asked to see Monsieur. Once the request was courteously passed over; the second time an effort was made to gratify the distinguished client, but with no success. Not being by birth an English-woman the visitor was more amused than annoyed; and she was about to leave when a slightly built, nervous-looking man, staring straight ahead of him with coal black eyes, hastened through the room as though wolves were on his track.

"Ah, there is Rouff!" cried Her Grace. "Ask him to come here a moment, do."

"*Mais, Madame la Duchesse*, it is impossible, absolutely," remonstrated the attendant, with excited gestures; "I am not of a courage for such an attempt."

The remark was emphasized by the sound of a door closing with a quick snap that forbade intrusion.

When a fashion is born, though it have all the beauties of the baby Loves, it is very, very weak. It must be nurtured and tended, oh, so carefully, lest it grow to be no real, acknowledged princess or queen of the realms of womankind, and perish in some untimely chill of neglect that slays its

quickenings beauties overnight. Born in France though the great fashions be, they are transported swiftly to other climes until all women bend the subject knee, and they are crowned in the majesty of their brief reign. When the chill of November touches Paris, according to the *dernier cri*, Madeira claims the initial visit of the winter season; there the first weeks of the exodus are spent. Next on the list comes "The African Paris," Algiers. In general clean, towering Algiers is not a lively place; but of late it has become a December playground. Its pretty Moorish villas make an offset for the elaborate hotels where rivalry in elegance of dressing is part of the picturesque panorama of the season.

Cairo, however, affords the true golden setting for the richest jewels in Madame's wardrobe. Let her take a moonlight ride to the pyramids, or attend a bicycle gymkhana at the Ghesiveh Palace, she must be perfectly attired; and the brilliant balls at Shepherd's, with the private functions given at the large hotels, provide the occasions when many a tentative style becomes a written law, or forever fails of approval.

Cairo is the forerunner of Monte Carlo, where until the end of February Fashion's most exclusive clans are joined by many of the gayest and wealthiest people in the world. The company is mixed. In the Casino a dazzling scene is witnessed by certain few Americans, whose appearance may present several of the variations recognizable as being identified with modern American trade—from the brisk, alert, shrewd department-manager to the grave and dignified type which is now so rapidly in course of evolution in the United States. They are the "buyers" from the immense establishments across the waters, come to see with their own eyes those fashion designs which now, at last, are by popular acclaim, to be crowned monarchs of the mode. One

of them saunters into the concert-room and seats himself near the entrance in order to obtain a good view of all newcomers. He has a keen eye, has the American; not a person escapes his observation. Among the gorgeously gowned women and their escorts thronging in at the entrance he notes a Frenchman of extreme polish and neatness of garb, who is watching the effect of the creations of his own designing-room. Dearer to that artistic Parisian soul is the little murmur of admiration called forth by one of his successes than would be an invitation to dine with royalty.

Presently the American sees him joined by a second Frenchman whose charm of manner cannot be denied. He, too, has contributed several of the clever changes in the fashions; and his face reflects the early glories of their vogue. Do the two discuss the costumes? Not here; not now. Do they continue to note effects? Tirelessly.

The American, who is acquainted with both Frenchmen, lights a fresh cigar and approaches them. In an instant they are on their feet with courteous greetings; it might be thought the American's presence is the one thing needful for their happiness. Both celebrated tailors are secretly certain that the buyer cannot be trifled with in their near-future dealings. The choicest designs cannot be withheld from him, to flourish only in Paris. Has he not seen the styles at their very coronation? And has not his far-seeing firm given him *carte blanche*, to go on the trail, *a la Fenneemore Coopaire*, to study and buy in a truly unusual degree?

"Monsieur enjoys the Poisoned Paradise of the Riviera?" The query, made with nonchalance, is answered as lightly. "Will Monsieur enter the *salles de jeux* and see the new Moorish decorations?" asks the younger Frenchman, rising.

Monsieur sees more than the decora-



Cliché du programme de l'opéra

A CRITICAL MOMENT

A model displaying a new opera cloak at an opening day in a Parisian atelier,
patronized by Queen Alexandra



Cliché du programme de l'opéra

A SUCCESS OF THE SEASON
One of the latest Parisian opera cloaks

tions. With practiced eye he selects the most conspicuously new toilettes in the dazzling groups; he is going to have them all copied when he gives his orders in the city by the Seine.

Paris—March—Auteuil! It is Fashion's call to arms. It is the time for the great results of art and wit in dress-making and millinery to be shown to a gazing world. Once more the boulevards are gay with private carriages and motors. The day, in fashionable Paris, begins at noon; the hour once struck, all is activity. Every wealthy woman orders her *cocher* or chauffeur to drive to the great tailor's at top speed. At the summit of her aspirations is a vision of an Auteuil gown more lovely than any other.

The ateliers are ready. They present a fascinating scene. Doucet's, for example, is crowded. Behind the stage living models are one by one being dressed by expert maids in the exquisite creations Monsieur has prepared for the eyes of his clientele. In front of the stage there is, at every appearance, a short silence, followed by a buzz of comment all over the brilliant room. One thing the Parisian *élégantes* know just then, for certain—the occasion expresses a decree: "Adopt, if it seem good; if not, adopt anyway."

"Ah, but orange-color!" The protesting comes in a worried tone from a *passée* belle. "Who can wear it?"

"It can be kept from the face," whispers her friend consolingly. "Paquin, also, is showing it," she adds hurriedly.

"Well, if we must, we must," returns the dismayed one, gazing enviously at a young matron, who is crying rapturously:

"*Vraiment*, orange-color is of a beauty! See how it sets off those loves of flounces!"

Of all the orders booked by the gods of style, the toilettes for Auteuil are the most triumphant. One and all they are costly, often of real lace, and always

of some sheer fabric. The month being March the day is often cold, yet the Parisienne does not dream of donning other than the filmy toilette of the day, completed by her mousseline, lace, or chiffon hat straight from Reboux or Mme. Virog, with its gems and flowers. The motor ride will excuse the necessary fur coat, if the cold prove unbearable; and the coat can always be slipped back while one is sipping the inevitable champagne-claret, the pet beverage at the races.

So delicate are the costumes at Auteuil that the eye is not startled; it is entrancedly held. The tribunes look like huge, animated bouquets; while the promenader is acknowledged to be the most harmonious fashion display the city of perfect taste ever shows. Longchamps, in June, with more favorable weather conditions, emulates the great day in finery; but it is to Auteuil that the palm is given for aristocratic attendance, and for novelty and freshness in the styles worn.

February rings down the curtain on the transactions of American buyers in Paris. He who was at Monte Carlo has fared better than many others, and is well pleased with his dealings with the French houses that have provided him with their several kinds of daintiness. Yet, lest something might escape him, he sometimes crosses the Channel before sailing home, to glance at the London preparations for the spring season's show. A cab deposits him at the addresses of two leading tailors, where the work, though conscientiously done, seems lacking in some admirable essential when compared with the Parisian styles he has so lately studied. The truth is made unmistakably clear that London shares Vienna's difficulty in any endeavor to break down the barrier of prestige and proud artistic prejudice Paris has raised in order to safeguard her supremacy in the world of fashion. He visits two milliners, receiving the same impression from their exhibits.

He turns to the renowned Redfern with the feeling that he is covering every possible field.

In the imposing rooms he is greeted by a tall, austere-looking man—Redfern himself. There is some talk of the English court, for the head of the house is very proud of the high patronage he receives; not an unpardonable weakness in a strong character that yields but to two other frailties—an ardor for bezique and a dignified enjoyment of yachting. The new, perhaps merely passing, customers, and those whose purses are not an open secret, are managed by a quiet "Um, no, yes—ah? Cash!" If they are not overcome by the experience, it is due only to their inordinate craving for a Redfern box with its impressive label, bearing a closed crown and three ostrich feathers.

After ordering two tailored suits—showing more severe lines than Paris will produce—the American buyer steps aside while Redfern speaks with a lady. Her arrangements with Redfern today are all for street attire, and a riding habit is carefully selected. She is one of many distinguished Englishwomen whose longing is all for Rouff or his colleagues, while their patriotism, born or bred, brings them to Redfern with the sop of walking suits.

The American takes leave. On the following day he turns his back upon bustling London. About two hundred and fifty well boxed pieces come with him on the homeward trip; and by the time all Paris is viewing the styles our Eastern cities have nearly the same advantage.

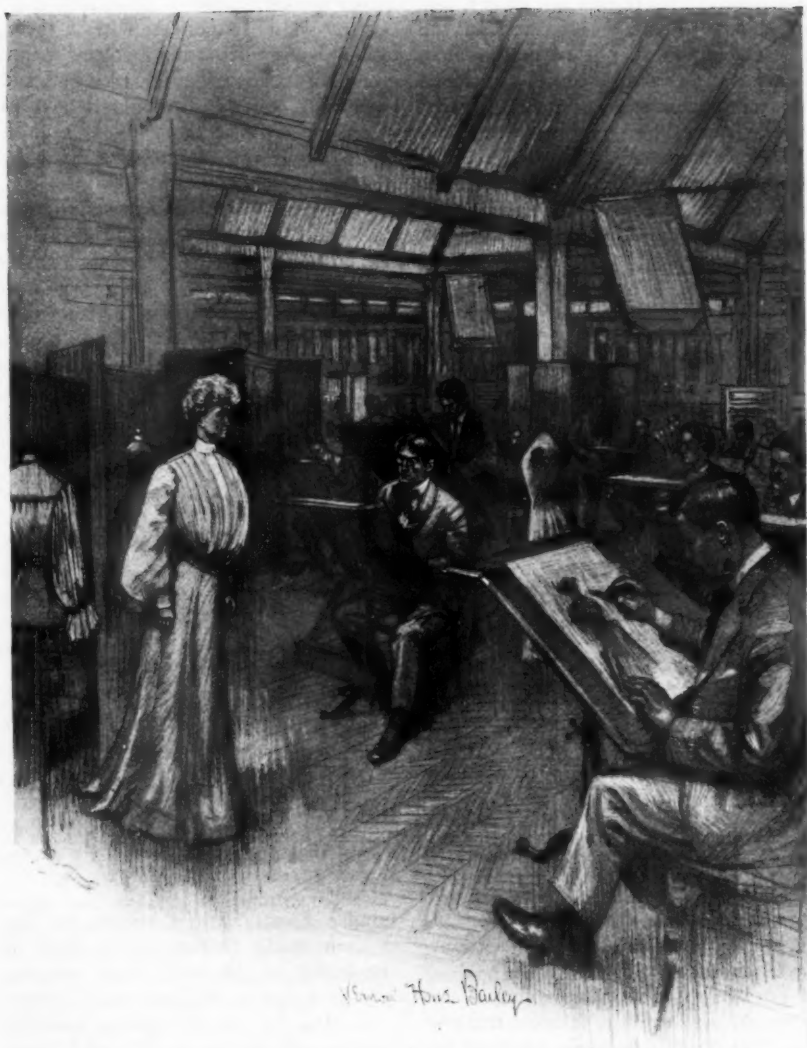
Forty-seven dressmakers of widespread reputation are represented in our United States' stores. A few limited buyers have brought over some "stock models," which will never be copied for the light of a French day, and could have been as well originated in Philadelphia or New York. But fashion congregates, after all, where the

finest things are shown; and an up-to-date American cannot be satisfied with less than the best.

Not only are the stay-at-home customers eager to view the importations, but designers, editors, and managers of American fashion-books are on the alert for the changes in the modes. Bowing to the magic of Paris, and frankly admitting that there are few chances of persuading the well-to-do to accept other than French ideas, the fashion publishers often supplement their own direct reports by drawing upon the information available in foreign papers, books, and models. Every garment that is pictured has been thoughtfully considered and cautiously introduced, the chief originality employed being in the necessary modification of the extreme French style and in the expense, so as to meet the tastes and incomes of all classes. It is a very absorbing study this—of the system of distributing fashion ideas swiftly from their source to thousands of homes whole continents removed. There are many such publications, with an almost limitless range of enterprise and patronage, from the magazine devoted to fashions exclusively to those that aim to satisfy all the interests of the American maid and matron.

The superintendent of a typical designing house in New York, where everything is done on a huge scale, is a finished artist; and he has a committee of efficient designers directly at his service. The trend of styles is discussed by them, and the importations are examined. The company's agents in foreign cities report the latest fancies in garb; and all the notes, drawings, and suggestions are modified and suited to the needs of our society girl, in her luxury; our quiet girl, in her natural love of pretty attire; our gayer class, in the effort to appear attractive yet not gaudy; and to the needs even of the modest Quaker miss, in her dainty simplicity.

Variety of detail is assured, while the latest lines are followed. This plait,



Courtesy of The Delineator

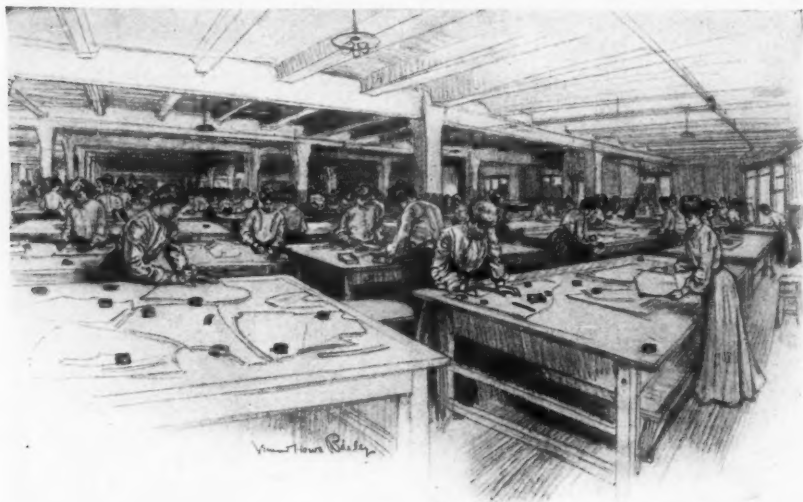
AN AMERICAN SOURCE OF FASHIONS

The art rooms of the largest fashion-making establishment in the world

those shirrings, a wider girdle, a new choker—all are faithfully studied and designed. The results are shown and explained to the head-cutters in the first cutting rooms. First made out of heavy muslin, the patterns are graded to exact measurements for the different sizes. According to the flat muslin design others are cut from heavy manila paper; and from those thousands of tissue-paper copies are made, which are folded, pressed, and put into envel-

no woman can see them without longing to possess a mock wardrobe of the paper models.

So, while American dressmakers, tailors, and department-store managers are utilizing mind and eye and steamship, and lavish money to give to their patrons earliest what is best in Paris, American journalism is doing by wholesale, only a little less swiftly, what those special ladies and gentlemen in waiting at the court of beauty do by



Courtesy of The Delineator

PATTERN-CUTTING ON A LARGE SCALE

Here thin tissue-paper sheets are cut by the thousand according to the original "block patterns" made of heavy manila paper from muslin designs.

opes bearing clearly printed directions for use in factories, stores, and countless homes.

For every stage in the making of the patterns a separate working-room—vast, bright, and airy—is provided for well treated, well paid operators. To the uninitiated the most interesting sight would be the room where whole costumes, beautifully finished, are made entirely of tissue paper in the correct colors. So chic are many of the gowns, even in that perishable material, that

retail. Every agency known to the modern world coöperates to place in the hands of the most distant woman who is endowed with woman's inborn love of dress, at the earliest possible moment, the lovely cherubim of fashion that owe their being to the genius of a Fournnery or the skill of a Paquin. And not a woman of them all, near or far, from Augusta to Los Angeles, but thrills with pleasure at the meeting and straightway takes the charming strangers to her heart of hearts.

HOW TO BUILD UP FOREIGN TRADE

BY HAROLD BOLCE

That the United States has encountered overwhelming trade defeat in South America, Oceanica, and Asia is not open to argument. The record is plain, and is printed every month by the government at Washington. As I pointed out in the last number of this magazine, the popular notion that we have been sweeping all before us in the world's markets is a wild delusion. Of Asia's trade we have less than a twentieth, and a scant eighth of South America's. Our exports of factory goods to China are not only insignificant, but, aside from mineral oil and cotton cloth, had actually been declining slightly from 1899 up to the outbreak of the war; while to Japan they represent a per capita return to the people of the United States of a cent a month. The American invasion of Europe, which called forth such a flourish of trumpets a few years ago, has now given way to a European adoption of American ideas and American machinery, enabling our rivals to fight us with our own weapons.

There has been much boasting because our exports of manufactures in 1904 exceeded all past records. The increase was largely in mineral oil, copper, iron, and steel. Exports of cotton were greater in value but less in volume than before. In general manufactures there was no advance. As a matter of record, officially published, our total exports declined. To Belgium they fell off in value ten million dollars; to Denmark nearly two million; to France over eleven million; to Germany nearly thirty-one million; to Spain over three million; and to the United Kingdom,

our best customer, they declined nearly eighteen million dollars in value. Our total exports to Europe declined over seventy-five million dollars in value, notwithstanding the enormous increase in our shipments of kerosene, copper, iron, and steel.

Obviously, America is beginning to need new markets. Our total sales to South America increased slightly, owing to the marked industrial awakening of Argentina and Chile. Canada and Mexico were better customers than ever. War increased our trade with Asia. But in spite of the awakening of many nations and America's extraordinary opportunity our total exports for 1904 amounted to thirty-three million dollars less than they did in 1903.

Several unusual circumstances during the past few months have at last awakened bodies of American business men to the value and necessity of securing South American, Oceanic, and Asiatic markets. While all Asia was calling for cotton the Egyptian raw supply ran short. The mills of Lancashire and other manufacturing centers in the Old World laid off hundreds of workmen. Then came the news of abundant crops in America, and the cotton-mill men of England were notified that the factories were ready to resume.

With this wide opportunity confronting America we displayed the incredible folly of burning cotton to force up the price. The short-sightedness of this expedient making itself manifest, an influential delegation traveled to Washington to invoke President Roosevelt's cooperation in an effort to create a demand abroad, and particularly in

Asia, for American cotton. This is an auspicious beginning, but it is not clear what the President can do. The Senate is not inclined to think of the United States as a country encountering trade failure abroad. That body is composed in the main of resourceful men whose own fortunes are but an expression of wide-spread American prosperity. Like nearly all other successful Americans, they have had little time to think of the details of our colossal defeat commercially in distant lands.

It is in this universal neglect that we find the key to our failure. While consuls and economists have been searching for the causes in foreign centers, the cause that stands out above them all, and which to a certain extent explains them all, is to be found right here in the United States. It is simply that we have not tried seriously to get the trade of these countries. It is obvious that the industrial and financial genius that has established upon this continent the greatest manufacturing and trading nation the world has known could have successfully exploited the countries of the southern half of this hemisphere, the islands of the Pacific, and the continent of Asia, had we needed the patronage of these lands. It is simply that American energy and capital have hitherto found more remunerative employment in developing the resources of our own continent. Now conditions are changing and our manufacturers are beginning to appreciate the fact that they can no longer afford to leave the harvesting of these fields to our European rivals.

All are agreed that something must be done. It is when we attempt to decide what that something must be that we open the flood-gates of discussion. One argument is that we shall never gain more than an insignificant share of the commerce of these continents and islands until we build ourselves a merchant marine. Another

theory is that we can never expect commercial success in the Pacific until we can ship our cargoes through the Panama Canal. A third contention is that we must reform the consular service before we can exploit these foreign markets. Still another argument is that we must send trade commissions abroad as a necessary preliminary to marked expansion of our exports. A broadening of the scope of reciprocity treaties is urged. The parcels-post system is being extended as a supposedly valuable aid to trade. The law providing for drawbacks on exports made of imported materials is being liberally construed.

A few days ago an American of advanced ideas traveled across the continent to urge President Roosevelt and Secretary Shaw to lend their influence for the establishment on our sea-coasts of free ports. The plan is to wall off and patrol sections of the coast where raw material designed for export as finished products can be landed and manufactured without having to pass through customs' channels. That the system would greatly stimulate and perhaps revolutionize our foreign trade is conceded by economists and statesmen who have given the idea consideration. It is likely, however, that before the experiment is tried Congress will waste valuable years in discussing it. Meanwhile, a number of European cities have added immensely to their wealth and foreign commerce by establishing these free centers of imports, manufactures, and exports. Hamburg, Copenhagen, and Bremen have for many years enjoyed the benefits from free cities in their harbors.

There is one factor that may bring about these free zones in the United States. In the dominant party there is a widening breach on the question of the tariff. Construction of these free cities for the unrestricted importation of all material to be manufactured for export trade would doubtless reunite

the two factions in the Republican party, and thus materially affect the political destinies of the country.

There has been much approving comment in regard to the government's recent conclusion of parcels-post arrangement with foreign countries. Yet we were the very last of the great nations to adopt this auxiliary to commerce. As late as last year importers in Japan complained with much vigor that in sending samples to the United States, to indicate the kind of merchandise desired, they had to be mailed via England. The loss of time was obviously a serious trade deterrent so far as the United States was concerned.

In many growing countries where American enterprise could extend our commerce no protection is afforded our trade-marks. After a business is built up through great advertising and energy, representing a large expenditure of capital, some native by registering the name of the articles thus popularized steals the whole trade, and the American is perpetually stopped from continuing to sell his own wares. It would seem that America is curiously unalert in this important international matter; for in some of the countries that thus ignore our commercial rights citizens can secure patents in America.

There has been much talk of sending trade commissions abroad, particularly to South America, Oceanica, and Asia, to study conditions and learn just what America must do to win success where we now have experienced wide failure. Nothing has been done. With scant ceremony the President's recent appeal was interred in a Congressional pigeon-hole. Even if we should carry out the recommendations that have issued from the White House we would still be decades behind the times; for Germany, England, Belgium, and Japan have for a number of years been sending experts to foreign countries to report on trade conditions. And what is more to the point, manufacturers in

the home countries act upon the information thus obtained.

It is a curious fact that while America, as a nation, has lagged behind many of the countries which we are sometimes inclined to look upon as antiquated, the federal power in the United States is in a number of ways ahead of the American business world in attempting to get foreign trade. Our consuls, for example, are constantly trying to pilot American cargoes to far places; but these earnest and for the most part exceptionally intelligent officials constantly complain that the manufacturers and shippers of this country give no heed to their advice. What is needed is not so much a reform in the American consular service as an awakening in the United States to its present high efficiency and importance. In Europe it is pointed out as a model worthy of imitating. Many of the European banking establishments in foreign countries, notably in South America, have been started as a result of suggestions made by our consuls through the State Department at Washington.

To many our sole salvation lies in building up an American merchant marine by generous government aid. It is urged with much force that it is ridiculous for a nation to aspire to commercial supremacy when ninety-seven per cent. of its own foreign trade is carried in foreign ships. An analysis of this trade, however, would yield results overlooked by both advocates and opponents of government subsidies. Nearly a billion dollars' worth of our exports consists of products that foreign nations need, such as corn, wheat, beef, lumber, and kerosene. So long as we have these things to sell the world will send its ships here to buy them. More than another billion dollars' worth of our foreign commerce is made up of imports—things that foreign nations are eager to sell us. We do not need to supply the ships to bring these cargoes to our ports. And so long as these vessels

come and go, even at irregular intervals, we can use them to some extent for the carrying of the manufactures which we are anxious to sell abroad.

If we add up the totals of the returns from our over-sea exports of manufactures—factory goods whose sale abroad depends upon American enterprise—we find the sum significantly small in comparison with the whole volume of our foreign commerce.

Our over-sea exports of factory goods, exclusive of oil, are as follows:

To Europe (including the United Kingdom).....	\$156,897,726
To South America	\$22,114,979
To Asia.....	28,334,089
To Oceanica.....	21,489,028
Total Pacific Field.....	71,938,096
To Africa.....	14,385,413
Grand total over-sea exports of manufactures.....	243,221,235
Grand total United States foreign commerce, approximately.....	2,500,000,000

It would throw much light on the whole problem of our merchant marine if the Department of Commerce would institute a wide investigation to determine (1) what proportion of those wares was sold abroad as a result of actual American enterprise; (2) what proportion was sold as a result of foreign nations reaching out for them; (3) what proportion was season goods—that is, goods the sale of which depends upon their arrival and display at the proper time of year.

The reiterated argument of importers in foreign cities is not that there is a dearth of ships but that there are not enough regular lines. All the oceans are overcrowded with vessels. They rot in most of the world's harbors. Foreign ships are available for all the cargoes we can manage to sell. But it is the nation whose ships come and go with the regularity of the calendar that gets the permanent trade.

When American manufacturers arrive at the necessity of securing foreign markets for wares that must compete with the goods of rival nations, and when it is

found that we are failing in the contest because we cannot insure regular and quick delivery, the American merchant marine will spring into being. Nor is it probable that the American business man will wait for congressional aid. Already in this country two or three leaders who have heard the industrial rumble of awakening Asia have launched great merchant ships on the Pacific without waiting to draw on the federal treasury.

Yet if all the seven seas were girdled with steamship lines guaranteeing the speedy and regular delivery of our wares to all the world's ports, our commercial success would still not be secured. The people of Bolivia, Chile, Australasia, India, and China would not be interested even in the timeliness of arrival of American merchandise unless our cargoes consisted of the kind of goods they wanted. The commercial world of the United States has paid almost no attention to the peculiar wants of the Latin-American, Oceanic, and Oriental people. When these distant countries are considered they are usually regarded as merely points for the unloading of an occasional American surplus.

Not long ago, for example, an American company tried to sell a cargo of heating stoves in Para, Brazil. Para is just a little more than one degree south of the equator.

The women of India like to get their cotton goods done up in paper boxes, each containing in addition a few pieces of colored glass and a gilt box. These trinkets are practically worthless, and their cost to the manufacturers is infinitesimal. But the sturdy British dealer will not descend to further his trade by the inclusion of such absurd gewgaws; and as American manufacturers have never given the matter a thought, the trade is beginning to pass to Germany, where cotton cloths with their accompanying baubles are put up to suit the Hindu taste. That Oriental

trait of femininity—which seems to be simply an expression of the same promptings that lead the Occidental sisterhood to prefer to make purchases in stores that issue trading stamps—is but one of the numberless little details that must ultimately be studied by commercial America. The nations that fail to consult the preferences of the maids and matrons “on the road to Mandalay” cannot hope to gain lasting favor there.

When I was in Japan they told me of an enterprising American who had arrived with a new cure for corns. He had learned by correspondence that in all Japan no remedy for these afflictions had ever been sold, and he conjured up a dream of fortune. But when he got to the Sunrise Kingdom he discovered that the people are a barefooted race and had no corns to cure. This is a grotesque incident, but it is one of many instances of American failure to secure trade abroad simply because of our ignorance of foreign conditions.

An American maker of clocks was informed that the tribes along the Congo in Africa might prove profitable customers. He learned that they were making their purchases in England and he sent for a sample of the clocks they were buying. Then his factory began to turn out a better clock of the same design. The wood was finer and more highly polished, the dial was more attractive, and the mechanism was far ahead of the English clock. He sent on a consignment, but his wares failed to sell. Then he did what he should have done at the start—sent an agent to the Congo tribes. It was discovered that the natives knew that the American clock was superior, but they preferred the kind made in England because those clocks had a louder tick. Of what use was it for a tribesman to have a time-reckoning importation from the land of white men if his less fortunate fellow in a neighboring hut could not hear the clock!

But even if America made the kind of goods distant races want, we should fail to get the trade we seek if we continued to pack our merchandise as we do. Often when because of the attractiveness and value of American-made goods we begin to make headway in the trade of some port, we speedily lose it through faulty methods of packing. We do not, among other things, provide immunity against penetrating dampness and veritable downpours to which goods are frequently subjected in tropical harbors in their transit on lighters from vessels to some distant pier. Frequently, long before American goods pass through procrastinating customs' examination they are utterly ruined.

Before America can either manufacture or pack goods to suit distant requirements it must, obviously, gain elaborate and detailed knowledge of these matters. But even if through both federal and private enterprise we learned all these things down to the minutest item of law, regulation, and custom, and upon the knowledge thus acquired proceeded to produce wares designed exclusively for certain markets, and packed those products to meet every exigency of transshipment and variety of climate, and insured their speedy and safe delivery by sending them on fast steamers belonging to regular lines of the great American merchant marine—ultimately to be built—the greatest of all obstacles to the extension of America's foreign trade would still have to be overcome. The United States has provided through its business channels no satisfactory system for payments for exports delivered in foreign countries.

In South America, for example, nearly everything imported is bought on credit. The business houses of Europe extend credit; the firms of the United States as a rule do not. With a few exceptions the manufacturers of the United States want a draft in sight before they care to send cargoes to Pernambuco, Buenos

Ayres, or Valparaiso. In all South America, Oceanica, and Asia we have only one or two commercial agencies. The mercantile rating of most of the native houses of these countries frequently cannot be determined in the United States. England, Germany, and other countries have established banks in many of the coveted trade centers of the two continents and islands under consideration, and through these institutions keep in close touch with native business firms. Where America demands cash payment or settlement within thirty days, Germany will give credit for four, six, or nine months, and in some cases for a year.

We are at an especial disadvantage in Japan. The American insistence on a square deal in business does not appeal to the subtle financiers of the Sunrise Kingdom; and after one transaction, in which the American usually loses both his temper and his pay, the little brown customer smilingly offers his trade to a new dealer. Inasmuch as the ethical obliqueness of the Japs is now almost generally known in America, cash settlement is usually exacted.

This has proven to be Germany's opportunity. The exporters of that empire have organized, agreeing to sell no goods to any Japanese firm that defaults in payment. Any firm that loses is to be reimbursed by the society. No Japanese, howsoever disinclined to pay his debts, will deliberately shut himself out of an empire like Germany. And so he pays up, knowing that if he fails he can never again purchase a mark's worth of goods in the Kaiser's domain. Thus Germany is enabled to extend credit for six months or more to Japanese firms, and this is vastly assisting German trade to advance in the island empire.

Great stress is laid upon the value the Panama Canal will be in promoting American trade. It is the most imposing work to extend commerce ever undertaken by the nation. There is

a general opinion in Washington that Congress in starting the work of digging has done all that can be done to further American exports to Asia. It is confidently predicted that through that waterway America is to sail its ships and cargoes triumphantly to all the markets of the Pacific, and that anything done on a small scale now would be fraught with little substantial result.

Inquiry into our trade status on the Atlantic side of South America forces the conclusion that the digging of the canal will not, in itself, secure to the United States the trade of the western republics of South America or of the farther Pacific countries. It is not difficult to convince the most casual student of our foreign commerce that the exports from the United States to the Pacific coast republics of South America are insignificant. That fact was brought out repeatedly as an argument in favor of the construction of a canal. It will cause astonishment to many to learn that our failure to get the trade of the republics on the Atlantic side of that continent is even greater than on the west coast. Brazil, for example, credits us with only 9.85 per cent. of its imports, while Chile credits us with 10.87 per cent. In the trade of both republics our share is, of course, pitiable; but the significant thing in connection with the promise of the Panama Canal is that in Brazil, to which we have direct ocean access from our manufacturing centers, we have been beaten worse than in Chile on the other side of the southern continent. Moreover, our exports to Brazil have been steadily decreasing while our exports to Chile have been slightly increasing. Ten years ago our exports to Brazil were greater than they are now. Ocean waterway alone will not bring trade to the United States.

The ships that have crowded us out of Chile are part of the same merchant fleets that have crowded us out of Brazil; and unless America awakens to

its opportunities, and to its equally great dangers, the same adventurous trade squadrons will crowd us out of our canal.

The Atlantic states of South America should be dominated commercially by the United States. Those five republics are buying more manufactures from our rivals than we sell to Europe. Our insignificant commerce with them is largely the mere filling of orders which they of their own initiative send to us. Brazil and Argentina alone buy from Europe more manufactures than the United States exports to all South America, Oceanica, and Asia combined. Yet there is no lack of waterway from New York and Philadelphia to Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro, and Buenos Ayres. The same sea that pulsates in

those harbors ebbs and flows in ours. No isthmus shuts us out. Plenty of ships are available. Advertisements of their sailing days are published daily in New York.

If the United States had attempted to overcome the obstacles in the way of our trade expansion in South America we could have had that commerce long ago. This is as true of the west coast as it is of the east. We have been absurdly defeated on both shores, and the causes of failure on both shores are alike. That a strip of isthmus forty miles wide has prevented America from gaining the markets of the Pacific is an obvious fallacy in the face of our equally conspicuous failure to grasp the open opportunities on the eastern seaboard of South America.

BAWL-IN-THE-FACE

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Ugh! ugh! little Bawl-in-the-Face,
Whooping the whoop of the vanished race,
Tell me! When did you come to town?
 With toes turned in,
 And a red, red skin,
 And a blanket hanging down?
How have I harmed you, and where, and when?
Or have you been at the bottle again?

Wah! wah! little Lungs-in-a-Race,
Leading each other a terrible chase,
Tell me! When will the trouble cease?
 Why show your wrath
 On the wild war-path
 These piping times of peace?
I'm doing the ghost-dance all I can,
And hush! here comes the medicine-man.

Boh! boh! little Boss-of-the-Place,
I believe I'll brave you to your face.
Though you have my scalp and mama's, too,
 'Tis my belief
 You are neither chief
 Nor brave, so boh to you!
Oh, yes, I see that your head is flat;
But where is your scalp-lock? Tell me that!

SOME COLOR ETCHINGS OF ROUEN

In Paris, now, no etcher works in monochrome. For the moment color is supreme. The hospitality to new ideas which assures Paris her continued leadership at once secured for the colored etching, on its reappearance a few years ago, a popularity which has steadily increased ever since. Strictly speaking, colored etching is by no means a new idea; the present fashion is but the resurrection of an art which can be traced back to Lastman, Rembrandt's master. It reached its height during the eighteenth century and then gradually declined until it became a lost art. A few workers like Bracquemond and Guérard made an occasional plate for experiment's sake, and the well-known American artist, Miss Mary Cassatt, obtained some excellent effects by applying color to the plates by hand. The renaissance definitely began when J. F. Raffaëlli had the happy inspiration to etch some plates entirely in dry point. The experiment was an instant success, and at once a score of artists were following M. Raffaëlli's lead.

As yet America has taken little part in the revival. Etching in monochrome, an almost indispensable prelude, has for years had but a languishing vitality in this country, in spite of sporadic good work and of earnest attempts at revival. It is not strange, therefore, that the leading exponent of the new movement on this side the water should be of Parisian training. Mr. Vaughan Trowbridge had the advantage of being on the ground at the beginning of the revival. He at once saw the possibilities opened up, and applied himself with such success that he was speedily recognized as one of the leading workers in the art in France.

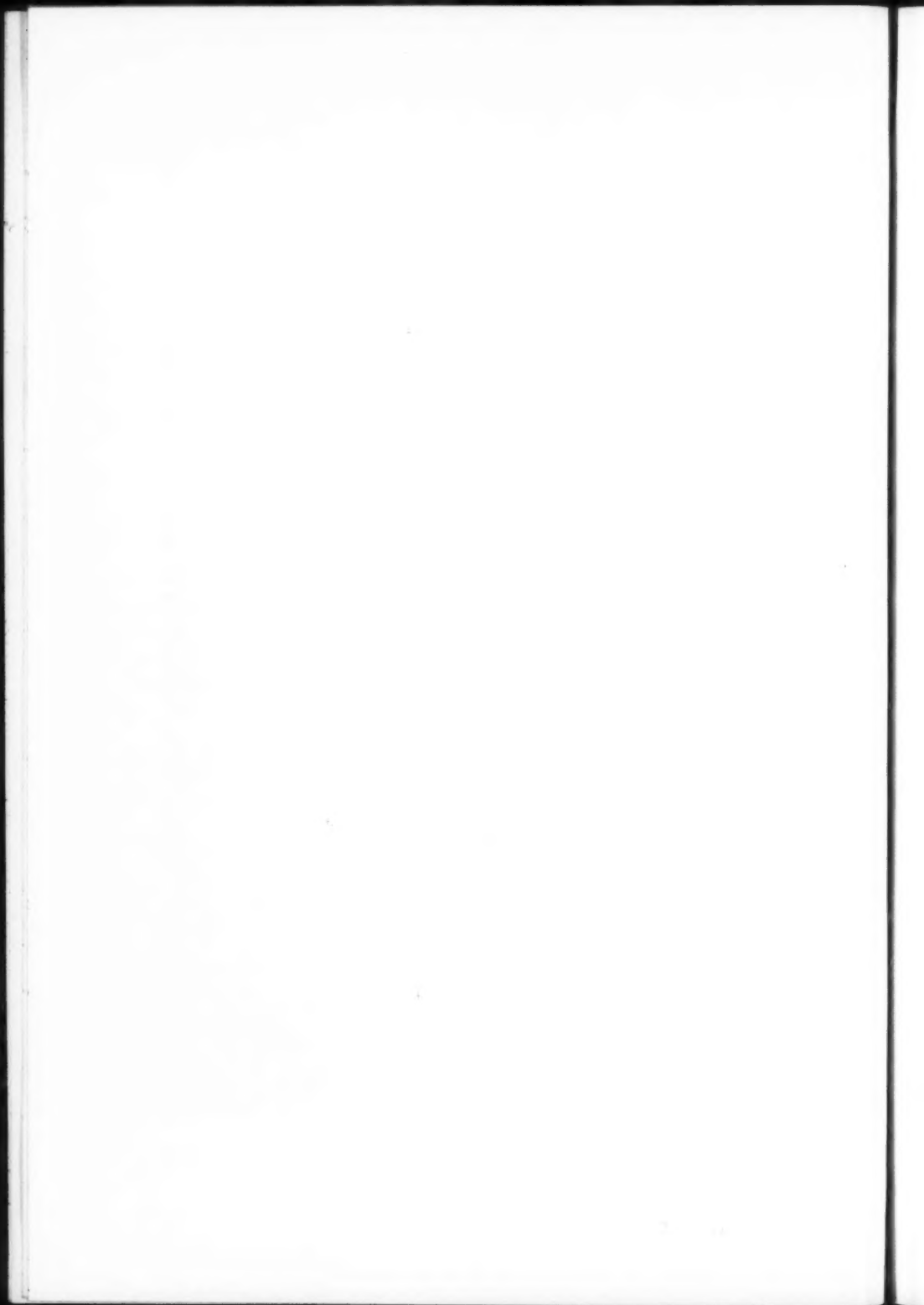
Mr. Trowbridge introduced a variation in the technical process employed which was a decided artistic gain. He secures his color entirely in the printing: the plates themselves are identical with those used in monochrome work. The black and white prints from his plates have in high degree the mellowed grace and delicacy of the etching at its best. Color is merely an added charm, not, as in some work, a device to divert attention from careless draftsmanship. The freedom and spontaneity of Mr. Trowbridge's work are due in great part to his habit of sketching directly from nature. He takes his plates into the open and makes his sketch direct on the wax ground, reserving only the actual etching for the studio.

The four etchings reproduced in this issue form part of a series which interprets with rare sympathy the picturesque beauty of Rouen. Perhaps the most abiding memory which one carries from that old Norman town is of the tower of St. Ouen, the crowning glory of a church often considered the masterpiece of Gothic architecture. Almost as well-known is the Norman house which Mr. Trowbridge has made the subject of another etching. Adjoining the cathedral is the courtyard of Albane, in olden days used as a cloister. The fourth of the series shows the old church of St. Etienne, which is now used as a textile warehouse. All the prints show the same mastery of technic, the same spontaneity combined with decision of touch. The color effects are delicate and subtle, and the architectural sense displayed unusual. It is to be hoped that the success of Mr. Trowbridge will encourage other American artists to follow the path he has blazed so well.



COUR D'ALBANE

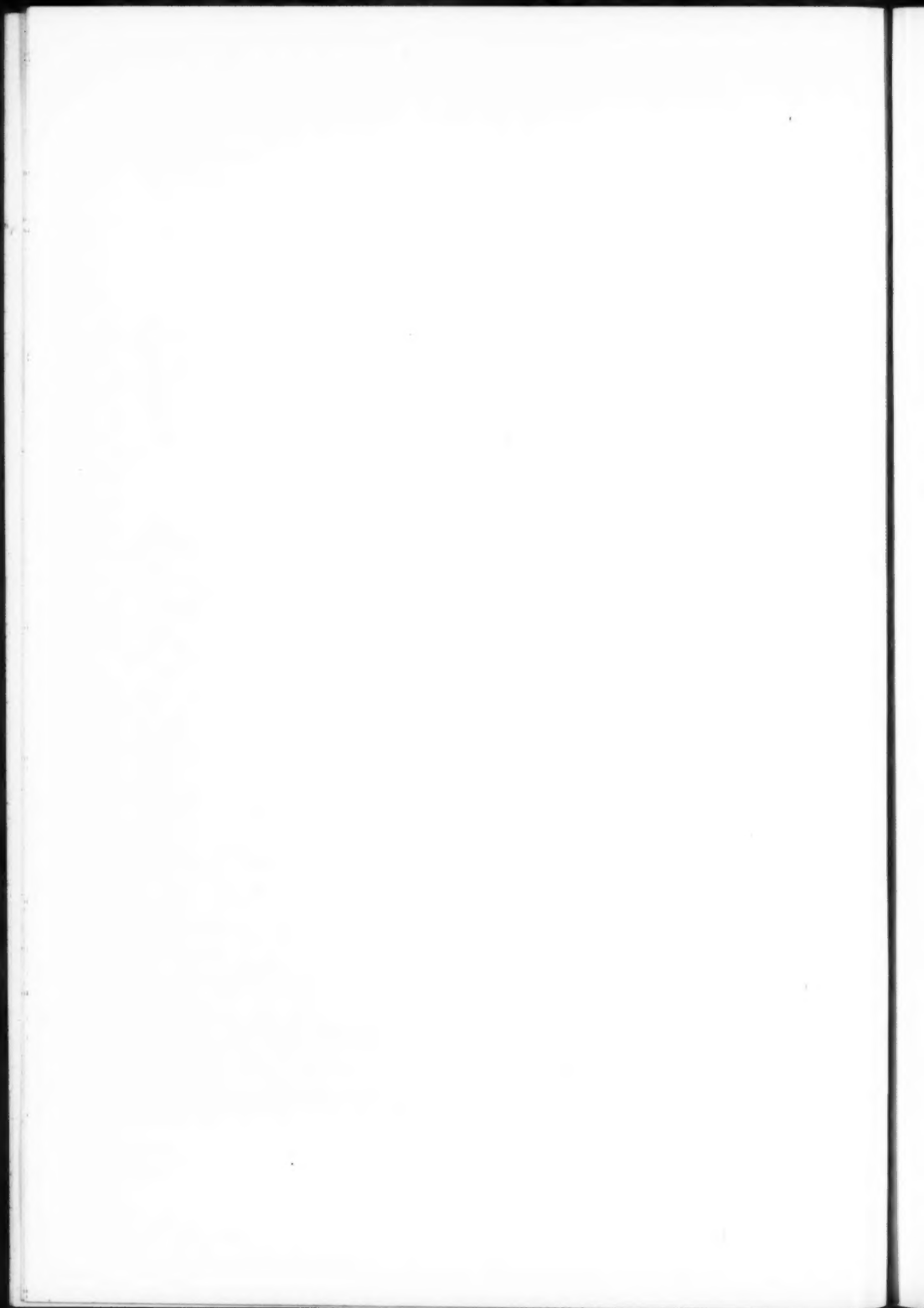
FROM THE ETCHING BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE





THE TOWER OF ST. OUVEN

FROM THE ETCHING BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE





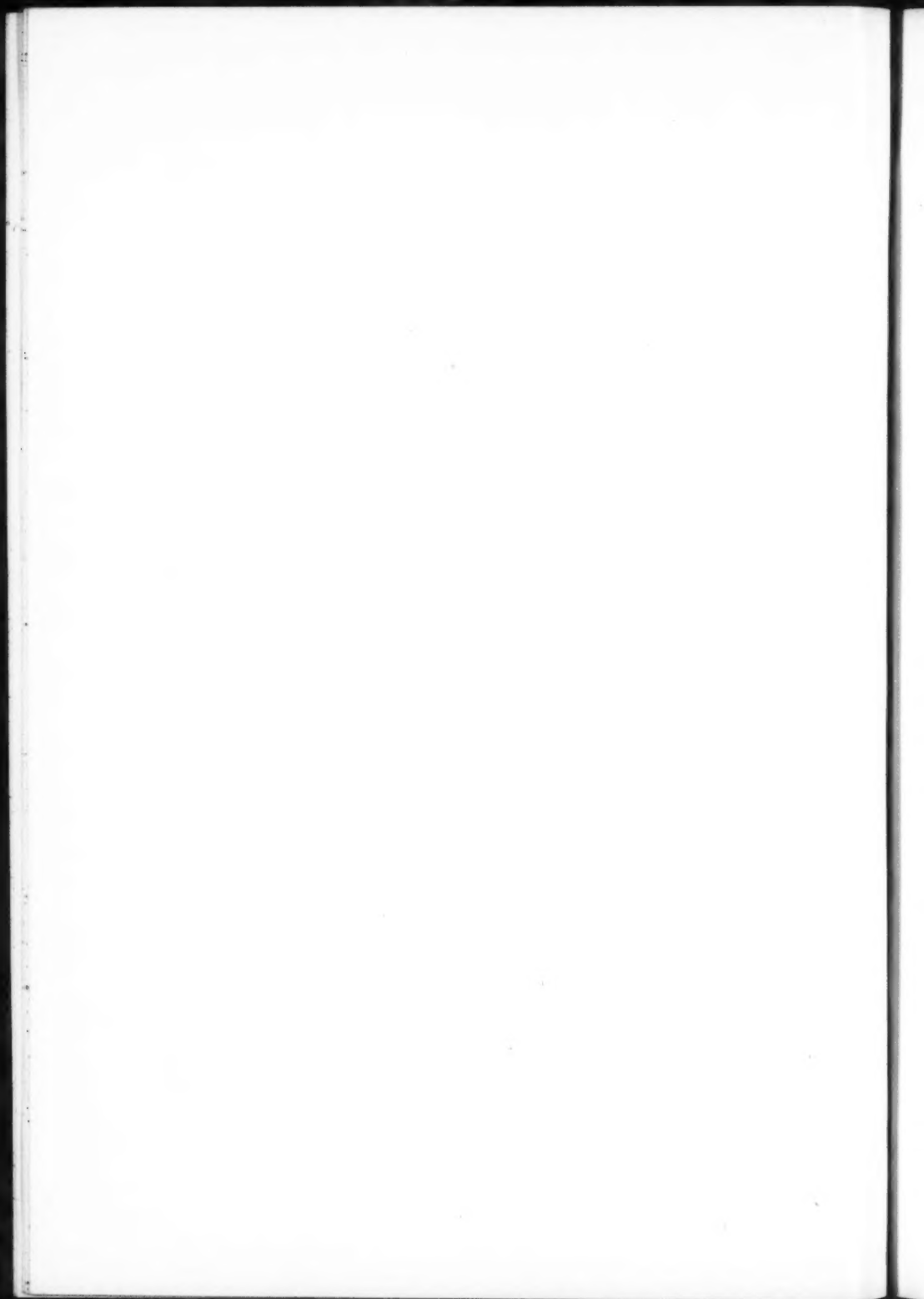
A NORMAN HOUSE IN ROUEN
FROM THE ETCHING BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE





THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. ÉTIENNE

FROM THE ETCHING BY VAUGHAN TROWBRIDGE



SAILING AS A FINE ART

THE PHILOSOPHY OF YACHTING SEAMANSHIP

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

The other day, looking through a newspaper, I came upon an article on the season's yachting. To a man who had but little to do with pleasure sailing—though all sailing is a pleasure—and certainly nothing whatever with racing in open waters, the writer's strictures upon the handicapping of yachts were just intelligible and no more. And I do not pretend to any interest in the enumeration of the great races of that year. As to the fifty-two-foot linear raters, praised so much by the writer, I am warmed up by his approval of their performances; but as far as any clear conception goes the descriptive phrase, so precise to the comprehension of a yachtsman, evokes no image in my mind any more than if it had been Chinese.

The writer praises that class of pleasure vessels, and I am willing to endorse his praise, as any man who loves every craft afloat would be ready to do. I am disposed to admire and love the fifty-two-foot linear raters on the word of a man who regrets in such a sympathetic and understanding spirit the threatened decay of yachting seamanship.

Of course, yacht racing is an organized pastime, a function of social idleness ministering to the vanity of certain wealthy inhabitants of this country as much as to their inborn love of the sea. But the writer of the article in question points out with insight and justice that for a great number of people—twenty thousand, I think he says—it is a means of livelihood; that is, in his own words, an industry. Now the moral side of an industry, productive or unproductive,

the redeeming and ideal aspect of this bread-winning, is the attainment and preservation of the highest possible skill on the part of the craftsmen. Such skill, the skill of technic, is more than honesty; it is something wider, embracing honesty and grace and rule in an elevated and clear sentiment, not altogether utilitarian, which may be called the honor of labor. It is made up of accumulated tradition, kept alive by individual pride, rendered exact by professional opinion, and like the higher arts it is spurred on and sustained by discriminating praise.

This is why the attainment of proficiency, the pushing of your skill with attention to the most delicate shades of excellence, is a matter of vital concern. Practical efficiency of a flawless kind is reached naturally in the struggle for bread. But there is something beyond—a higher point, a subtle and unmistakable touch of love and pride beyond mere skill; almost an inspiration which gives to all work that finish which is almost art—which *is* art.

As men of scrupulous honor set the note of public conscience in the dead level of an honest community, so men of that skill which passes into art by ceaseless striving raise the dead level of mere perfection in the crafts of land and sea. The conditions fostering the growth of that supreme alive excellence, as well in work as in play, ought to be preserved with a most careful regard lest the industry or the game should perish of an insidious and inward decay. Therefore, I have read with profound

regret in that article upon the yachting season of a certain year that the seamanship on board racing yachts is not what it used to be only a few, very few, years ago.

For that was the gist of the article, written evidently by a man who not only knows but understands; a thing—let me remark in passing—much rarer than one would expect, because the sort of understanding I mean depends so much on love; and love, though in a sense it may be admitted to be stronger than death, is by no means so universal and so sure. In fact, love is rare—the love of men, of things, of ideas, the love of perfected skill. For love is the enemy of haste; it takes count of passing days, of men who pass away, of a fine art matured slowly in the course of years, and doomed in a short time to pass away, too, and be no more. Love and regret go hand in hand in this world of changes swifter than the shifting of the clouds reflected in the mirror of the sea.

To penalize a yacht in proportion to the fineness of her performance is unfair to the craft and to her men. It is unfair to the perfection of her form and to the skill of her servants. For we men are, in fact, the servants of our creations. We remain in everlasting bondage to the productions of our brain and to the work of our hands. A man is born to serve his time on this earth, and there is something fine in the service being given on other grounds than that of utility. The bondage of art is very exacting. And, as the writer of the article which started this train of thought says with lovable sincerity, the sailing of yachts is a fine art.

His contention is that racing, without time allowance for anything else but tonnage—that is, for size—has fostered the fine art of sailing to the pitch of perfection. Every sort of demand is made upon the master of a sailing yacht; and to be penalized in proportion to your success may be of advantage to the sport itself, but it has an obviously

deteriorating effect upon the seamanship. The fine art is being lost.

II

The sailing and racing of yachts has developed a class of fore-and-aft sailors, men born and bred to the sea, fishing in winter and yachting in summer; men to whom the handling of that particular rig presents no mystery. It is their striving for victory that has elevated the sailing of pleasure craft to the dignity of a fine art in that special sense. As I have said, I know nothing of racing and but little of fore-and-aft rig; but the advantages of such a rig are obvious, especially for purposes of pleasure, whether in cruising or racing. It requires fewer hands for handling; the trimming of the sail-planes to the wind can be done with speed and accuracy; the unbroken spread of the sail area is of infinite advantage; and the greatest possible amount of canvas can be displayed upon the least possible quantity of spars. Lightness and concentrated power are the conspicuous qualities of fore-and-aft rig.

A fleet of fore-and-afters at anchor has its own slender graciousness. The setting of the sails resembles more than anything else the unfolding of a bird's wings; the facility of their evolutions is a pleasure to the eye. They are birds of the sea, whose swimming is like flying and resembles more a natural function than the handling of man-invented appliances. The fore-and-aft rig in its simplicity and the beauty of its aspect under every angle of vision is, I believe, unapproachable. A schooner, yawl, or cutter in charge of a capable man seems to handle herself as if endowed with the power of reasoning and the gift of swift execution. One laughs with sheer pleasure at a smart piece of maneuvering as at a manifestation of a living creature's quick wit and precise grace.

Of those three varieties of fore-and-aft

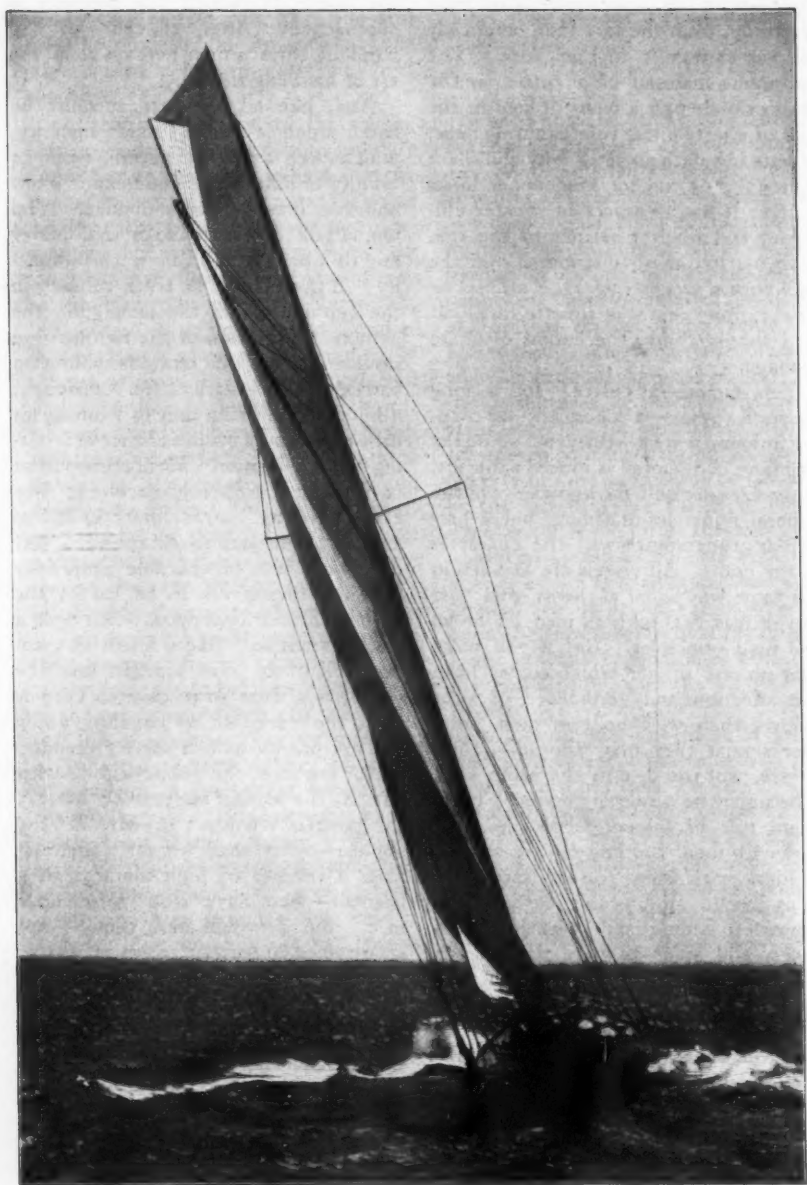
rig, the cutter—the racing rig *par excellence*—is of an appearance the most imposing, from the fact that practically all her canvas is in one piece. The enormous mainsail of a cutter, as she draws slowly past a point of land or the end of a jetty under your admiring gaze, invests her with an air of lofty and silent majesty. At anchor a schooner looks better; it has an aspect of greater efficiency and a better balance to the eye, with her two masts distributed over the hull with a swaggering rake aft. The yawl rig one comes in time to love. It is, I should think, the easiest of all to manage.

For racing—a cutter; for a long pleasure voyage—a schooner; for cruising in home waters—the yawl. And the handling of them all is indeed a fine art. It requires not only the knowledge of the general principles of sailing, but a particular acquaintance with the character of the craft. All vessels are handled in the same way as far as theory goes, just as you may deal with all men on broad and rigid principles. But if you want that success in life which comes from the affection and confidence of your fellows, then with no two men, however similar they may appear in their nature, will you deal in the same way. There may be a rule of conduct; there is no rule of human fellowship. To deal with men is as fine an art as it is to deal with ships. Both men and ships live in an unstable element, are subject to subtle and powerful influences, and want to have their merits understood rather than their faults found out.

It is not what your ship will not do that you want to know to get on terms of successful partnership with her; it is rather that you ought to have a precise knowledge of what she will do for you when called upon by a sympathetic touch to put forth what is in her. At first sight the difference does not seem great in either line of solution in the difficult problem of limitations. But the differ-

ence is great. The difference lies in the spirit in which the problem is approached. After all, the art of handling ships is finer perhaps than the art of handling men.

And, like all fine arts, it must be based upon a broad, solid sincerity, which, like a law of nature, rules an infinity of different phenomena. Your endeavor must be single-minded. You would talk differently to a coal-heaver and to a professor. But is this duplicity? I deny it. The truth consists in the genuineness of the feeling, in the genuine recognition of the two men, so similar and so different, as your two partners in the hazard of life. Obviously, a humbug thinking only of winning his little race, would stand a chance of profiting by his deception. Men, professors or coal-heavers, are easily deceived; they even have an extraordinary knack of lending themselves to deception, a sort of curious and inexplicable propensity to allow themselves to be led by the nose with their eyes open. But with a ship it is not so. She is a sort of creature which we have brought into the world, as it were on purpose to keep us up to the mark. In her handling, a ship will not put up with a mere pretender, as, for instance, the public will do with Mr. X, the popular statesman; Mr. Y, the popular scientist; or Mr. Z, the popular—what shall we say? anything from a teacher of high morality to a bagman—who have won their little race. But I would like, though not accustomed to betting, to wager a large sum that not one of the few first-rate skippers of racing yachts has ever been a humbug. It would have been too difficult. The difficulty arises from the fact that one does not deal with ships in a mob but with a ship as an individual. So we may have to do with men. But in each of us there is some particle of the mob spirit, of the mob temperament. No matter how earnestly we strive against each other, we remain brothers on the lowest side of



*"The enormous mainsail of a cutter invests her with an air of
lofty and silent majesty"*

our intellect and the instability of our feeling. With ships it is not so. Much as they are to us, they are nothing to each other. Those sensitive creatures have no ears for our blandishments. It takes something more than words to cajole them to do our will, to cover us with glory—luckily, too, or else there would have been more shoddy reputations for first-rate seamanship. Ships have no ears, I repeat, though, indeed, I think I have known ships that really seemed to have had eyes. Or else I cannot understand on what ground a certain thousand-ton bark of my acquaintance on one particular occasion refused to answer her helm, thereby saving a frightful smash to two ships and to a very good man's reputation. I knew her intimately for two years, and in no other instance either before or since have I known her to do that thing. The man she had served so well, guessing perhaps at the depths of his affection for her, I have known much longer, and in bare justice to him I must say that this confidence-shattering experience—though so fortunate—only augmented his trust in her. Yes, our ships have no ears, and thus they cannot be deceived. I would illustrate my idea of fidelity as between man and ship, between the master and his art, by a statement which, though it might appear shockingly sophisticated, is really very simple. I would say that a racing-yacht skipper who thought of nothing else but winning the race would never attain to any eminence of reputation. The genuine masters of their craft—I say this confidently from my experience of ships—have thought of nothing but of doing their very best by the vessel under their charge. To forget oneself, to surrender all personal feeling in the service of that fine art, is the only way for a seaman to the faithful discharge of his trust.

Such is the service of a fine art and of ships that sail the sea. And therein I think I can lay my finger upon the

difference between the seamen of yesterday who are still with us and the seamen of tomorrow already entered upon the possession of their inheritance. History repeats itself, but the special call of an art which has passed away is never reproduced. It is as utterly gone out of the world as the song of a destroyed wild bird. Nothing will awaken the same response of pleasurable emotion or conscientious endeavor. And the sailing of any vessel afloat is an art whose fine form seems always receding from us on its way to the overshadowed Valley of Oblivion. The taking of a modern steamship about the world—though one would not minimize its responsibilities—has not the same quality of intimacy with nature, which after all is an indispensable condition to the building up of an art. It is a less personal and more exact calling; it is less arduous, but it is also less gratifying in the sense of close communion between the artist and the medium of his art. It is, in short, less a matter of love. Its effects are measured exactly in time and space as no effects of an art can be. It is an occupation which a man not desperately subject to seasickness can be imagined to follow with content, without enthusiasm; with industry, without affection. Punctuality is its watchword. The incertitude which attends closely every artistic endeavor is absent from its regulated enterprise. It has no great moments of self-confidence, or moments not less great of doubt and heart-searching. It is an industry which like other industries has its romance, its honor, and its rewards; its bitter anxieties and its hours of ease. But such sea-going has not the artistic quality of a single-handed struggle with something much greater than yourself. It is not the laborious, absorbing practice of an art whose ultimate result remains on the knees of the gods. It is not an individual, temperamental achievement; it is simply the skilled use of a captured

force. It is merely a step forward upon the way of universal conquest.

III

Every passage of a ship of yesterday, whose sails were filled eagerly the very moment the pilot with his pockets full of letters had got over the side, was like a race, a race against time, against an ideal standard of achievement outstripping the expectations of common men. Like all true art, the general conduct of a ship and her handling in particular cases had a technic which could be discussed with delight and pleasure by men who found in their work not bread alone but an outlet for the peculiarities of their temperament. To get the best and truest effect from the infinitely varying moods of sky and sea, not pictorially but in the spirit of their calling, was their vocation, one and all; and they recognized this with as much sincerity, and drew as much inspiration from this reality, as any man who ever put brush to canvas. The diversity of temperaments was immense among those masters of the fine art.

Some of them were like Royal Academicians of some sort. They never startled you by a touch of originality, by a fresh audacity of inspiration. They were safe, very safe. They went about solemnly in the assurance of their consecrated and empty reputation. Names are odious, but I remember one of them who might have been their very president, the P.R.A. of the sea-craft. His weather-beaten and handsome face, his portly presence, his shirt-fronts and broad cuffs and gold links, his air of bluff distinction impressed the humble beholders—stevedores, tally-clerks, tide-waiters—as he walked ashore over the gangway of his ship lying at the Circular Quay in Sydney. His voice was deep, hearty, and authoritative—the voice of a very prince among sailors. He did everything with an air which put your attention on the alert and raised your

expectations; but the result somehow was always on stereotyped lines, unsuggestive, empty of any lesson that one could lay to heart. He kept his ship in apple-pie order, which would have been seamanlike enough but for a finicking touch in its details. His officers affected a superiority over the rest of us, but the boredom of their souls appeared in their manner of dreary submission to the fads of their commander. It was only his apprenticed boys whose irrepressible spirits were not affected by the solemn and respectable mediocrity of that artist. There were four of these youngsters; one the son of a doctor, another of a colonel, the third of a jeweler—the name of the fourth was Twentyman, and this is all I remember of his parentage. But not one of them seemed to possess the smallest spark of gratitude in his composition. Though their commander was a kind man in his way, and had made a point of introducing them to the best people in the town in order that they should not fall into the bad company of boys belonging to other ships, I regret to say that they made faces at him behind his back, and imitated the dignified carriage of his head without any concealment whatever.

This master of the fine art was a personage and nothing more; but, as I have said, there was an infinite diversity of temperament among the masters of the fine art I have known. Some were great impressionists. They impressed upon you the fear of God and Immensity—or, in other words, the fear of being drowned—with every circumstance of terrific grandeur. One may think that the locality of your passing away by means of suffocation in water does not really matter very much. I am not so sure of that. I am, perhaps, unduly sensitive, but I own that the idea of being suddenly spilt into an infuriated ocean in the midst of darkness and uproar affected me always with a sensation of shrinking distaste. To be drowned in a pond, though it might be

called an ignominious fate by the ignorant, is yet a bright and peaceful ending in comparison with some other endings to one's earthly career which I have mentally quaked at in the intervals or even in the midst of violent exertions.

But let that pass. Some of the masters whose influence left a trace upon my character to this very day combined a fierceness of conception with a certitude of execution upon the basis of just appreciation of means and ends which is the highest quality of the man of action. And an artist is a man of action, whether he creates a personality, invents an expedient, or finds the issue of a complicated situation.

There were masters, too, I have known, whose very art consisted in avoiding every conceivable situation. It is needless to say that they never did great things in their craft; but they were not to be despised for that. They were modest, they understood their limitations. Their own masters had not handed the sacred fire into the keeping of their cold and skilful hands. One of those last I remember specially, now gone to his rest from that sea which his temperament must have made a scene of little more than a peaceful pursuit. Once only did he attempt a stroke of audacity, one early morning, with a steady breeze, entering a crowded roadstead. But he was not genuine in this display which might have been art; he hankered after the meretricious glory of a showy performance.

As, rounding a dark, wooded point bathed in fresh air and sunshine, we opened to view a crowd of shipping at anchor lying perhaps half a mile ahead of us, he called me aft from my station on the fore-castle-head, and turning his binoculars over and over in his brown hands, said: "Do you see that big, heavy ship with white lower masts? I am going to take up a berth between her and the shore. Now do you see to it that the men jump smartly at the first order."

I answered "Aye aye, sir," and verily believed that this would be a fine performance. We dashed on through the fleet in magnificent style. There must have been many open mouths and following eyes on board those ships, Dutch, English, with a sprinkling of Americans, and a German or two, who had all hoisted their flags at eight o'clock as if in honor of our arrival. It would have been a fine performance if it had come off; but it did not. Through a touch of self-seeking that modest artist of solid merit became untrue to his temperament. It was not with him art for art's sake, it was art for his own sake; and a dismal failure was the penalty he paid for that greatest of sins. It might have been even heavier, but, as it happened, we did not run our ship ashore, nor did we knock a large hole in the big ship whose masts were painted white. But it is a wonder that we did not carry away the cables of both our anchors, for, as may be imagined, I did not stand upon the order to "let go" that came to me in a quavering, quite unknown voice from those familiar lips. I let them both go with a celerity which to this day astonishes my memory. No average merchantman's anchors have ever been let go with such incomparable smartness. And they both held. I could have kissed their rough, cold iron palms if they had not been buried in slimy mud under ten fathoms of water. Ultimately they brought us up with the jib-boom of a Dutch brig poking through our spanker—nothing worse. And a miss is as good as a mile.

But not in art. Afterward the master told me in a sort of mumble: "She wouldn't luff up in time, somehow; what's the matter with her?" And I made no answer. Yet the answer was clear. The ship had found out the momentary weakness of her man. Of all the living creatures upon land and sea it is ships alone that cannot be taken in by barren pretences, that will not put up with bad art from their masters.



THE QUIET GRANDEUR OF A NORWEGIAN FIORD

AMONG THE FIORDS OF NORWAY

BY ALBERT S. BOLLES

Through the Scandinavian peninsula runs a high mountain range, a huge back-bone, separating Norway from Sweden. The head of this range reposes for a short season annually in constant light; its feet rest in the waters which for ages have been the El Dorado of expectant fishermen, the rich harvest-home of pirates, and the roaring, blazing, smoking scene of ships in battle.

Joined to this back-bone on each side are numerous ribs, and between them valleys extending to the sea and lying partly below its surface. The waters within some of these valleys are more than a hundred miles in length, and from half a mile to two or three miles in width. Many of the fiords thus running toward the Atlantic are crossed by others running north and south—all forming a lace-work of water extending for hundreds of miles, enabling the vikings of earlier days to ply their cruel industry with little fear of pursuit, and the traveler of our day to exchange his carriage for a passage over a liquid highway fringed with superb scenery.

Let us enter, from the sea, one of the largest of these fiords, the Geiranger. It is five o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun is slowly wheeling himself down a narrow circle. On either side of the fiord are mountains, their crests sharply defined; for some distance nearly level, then beautifully serrated, as though the Mountain-Maker had just finished his work. High above the fiord is a blue marble dome united to the mountain-tops by a silver cornice of snow.

The sides of the mountain are dark, but not bleak, for they are covered in most places with trees and shrubbery, grass

and moss, in strong contrast with the higher Swiss Alps and other high mountains. The Alpine traveler, in his journey upward on the Swiss side, first notes the absence of the larger trees, next of the smaller ones; then the shrubbery disappears—only the flowers are left,

"That on their ice-clad stems all trembling
blow,

Along the margin of the untrodden snow;"

while descending on the opposite side, at the corresponding altitude where on the northern slope all is desolation, the mountain is carpeted with green, glistening grass, profusely commingled with richly colored flowers.

Still greater are the marvels wrought by the sun with the snow in the fiords of Norway. What a magical loom is there—weaving out of the falling water myriads of silver ribbons to deck the hardihood of the mountains with beauty. Varying in size from those giving forth scarcely a murmur, and seen only at a short distance, to others much wider, roaring continually—all start from the same source, and hurrying down the mountain-side, escape into the same silent sea. One stream glides downward straight as an arrow for a hundred feet or more, with an imperceptible motion, rolls over a precipice, and is crushed into a white, foamy mass sparkling with many colors. Another hastes downward with joyous glee, dashes against a rock, and is shivered into streamlets which fret their weaker way with increasing murmur until they rest in the untroubled bosom of the fiord.

Hundreds of these streaks of molten silver are seen murmuring down the mountain-sides, shooting off in every



THE SEVEN SISTERS WATERFALL, ON THE GEIRANGER FJORD

direction to moisten the earth and make the vegetation exuberant. In the more secluded dells, where the soil is deeper, dwarf birch and fir-trees grow, with brilliant mosses transforming the mountains into wondrous things of life and beauty.

The larger waterfalls have transported a greater quantity of earth, and spreading it around their feet, have gradually formed a little plateau, which has been appropriated for a home by some native. On this he builds a house and raises a few potatoes or some barley, extracting the rest of his subsistence from the sea or by the lesser certainty of the chase. His only mode of communication is by boat, for no friendly telegraph or highway unites him with the outside world. And there he lives, amid the darkness of the long winter, listening to the winds shrieking down the mountains, or per-

chance to the less welcome sound of the hungry bear or the more voracious wolf. The next neighbor is ten miles away, beyond the mountain; and yet life, even in these hard surroundings, is worth living.

Pursuing its descending course, the sun is casting a subdued golden light over mountains and sea. Not a swift-vanishing splendor; for hours the mountains and the water are bathed in the golden flood. The shadows deepen, and the mist rising from many a waterfall looks like golden dust stirred up by some invisible charioteer. The steamer moves over the highly polished mirror; hours pass; at length it nears a mountain which appears to rise at the head of the fjord, a commanding sentinel keeping the watch of ages. But as the steamer draws near, lo, the rock opens, like the rock to the Enchanted Prince



THE BUARBRAE GLACIER GRINDING ITS WAY TO THE SEA

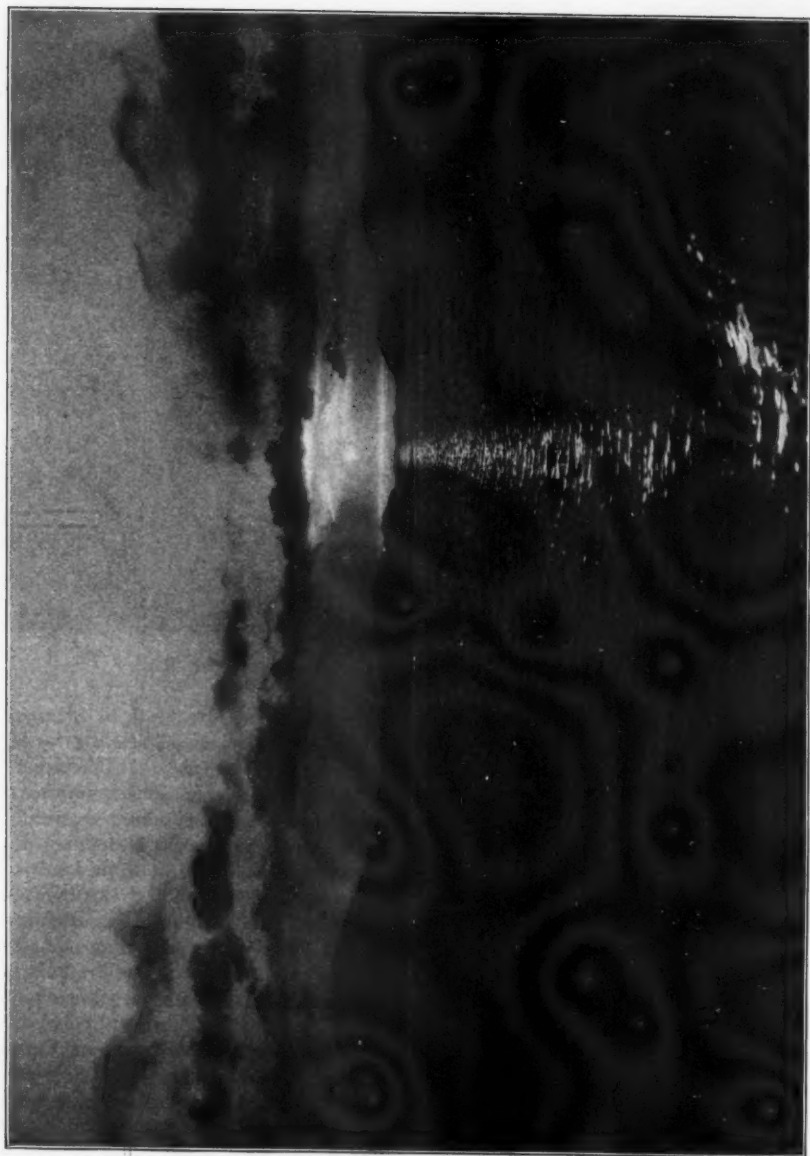
who suddenly found himself amid gardens and palaces. The fiord is seen in two directions, somewhat narrower, more sinuous, and in some places more deeply shadowed. The mountains become higher, the waterfalls more numerous and noisy, the mosses and other forms of life more abundant—and all still suffused with gold.

Six hours have passed since entering the fiord, yet every one is on deck, for no one can escape the enchantment. Not a sound is heard except the murmuring waterfalls; not a leaf stirs; the peace of the New Jerusalem broods over all. Not a human being has been seen during all these hours; not a bird save an eider-duck that flashed out of the water. At length the steamer reaches a mountain that curves around and falls gracefully away, letting in more light upon its clothing, which reflects

brighter colors. In front of us a huge stream rushes downward, sending forth its loud greeting—it is the end of the fiord.

It is now one o'clock in the morning. The sun is slowly climbing upward. Every dweller in the little hamlet of Maraak is asleep. No noise on land is heard save the waterfall and the faintly echoing bell of some animal whose quiet has been disturbed by the strange sound coming from the fiord, the outgoing anchor-chain of the intruding steamer.

How the fiord was formed is one of the questions of geology not yet fully answered. Was it the slow work of the ice-sculptor, or were the mountains rent by some titanic convulsion? Both forces have been present. The contorted rocks seen in many places are clear proof of the fiery process that upheaved the elder world. Though the mountains may have been thus rent, all



THE MIDNIGHT SUN, NEAR TROMSOE

the geologists assert that ice has been the more potent agency. It is quite impossible to trace the earlier stages of the process. But after the valleys were partly formed, the snow filling them congealed into ice, then started slowly seaward. In this movement it carried away earth, gravel, boulders, in its strong embrace, depositing these materials in the ocean. But this was not the only mode of excavating the valley. These very materials which the ice carried along, firmly held by it like a diamond in its lead matrix, possessed an enormous cutting power. So they crushed softer rocks and cut others, leaving numerous grooves as the evidences of their mighty work.

Other proofs quite as impressive are the rocks scratched, smoothed, and polished. The most difficult fact to explain is the much greater depth of the water at the head of the fiord. Did the glaciers, by the many obstacles they overcame during their long travels, become unable to carry their heavy burdens or did they dissolve more rapidly as they drew nearer to the warm atmosphere of the ocean, thus discharging their contents where the water is now so shallow? No theory yet started is satisfactory; but doubtless the patient geologist, who has already shown how active has been the ice-sculptor in carving the surface of our globe, will in due time explain how this glacier went up hill and then slid down into the sea; or how in some other way it escaped from the fiord, leaving behind gentler agencies to complete the work.

Situated on the edge of another fiord, the Hardanger, is the village of Odde, near which the Romsdal Fall, one of the largest in Norway, is the attraction for many summer tourists. The road ascends for a short distance near a roaring stream, and then passes by the side of a pale-blue lake fed on the opposite side by several waterfalls. Not far from the upper end is the Romsdal, a stream of much greater volume. Slowly you

toil upward—it is a long way—when suddenly above you is seen a mass of bluish glass bending beautifully, then breaking and falling down into a deep chasm. A stick falling upon the surface is borne onward with startling velocity, disclosing the fearfully deceptive power hidden in that glassy flood. The breaking water in its descent of hundreds of feet is changed into a glorious gossamer veil sparkling with myriads of diamonds. Dim figures entangled in the veil shoot downward and disappear. Below is heard a crash, and thence ascends an iridescent water-dust, filling the surrounding space. Though striking ever so harshly, the water gleefully rebounds, and then like a long pent-up prisoner rushes with still louder joy into the lake.

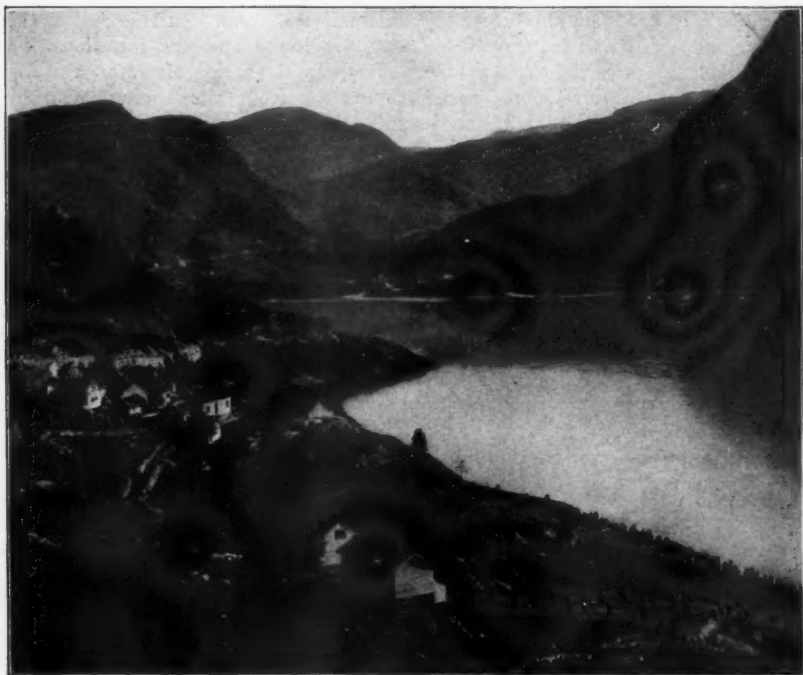
After leaving the Hardanger, one of the first places attracting the attention of the visitor during his voyage northward is Aalesund. In this region the land is lower and cut into beautiful shapes by the action of water, a fitting home for Rollo the Viking, who by his ravages for a generation filled the Frankish kings with horror. Descending from his secure northward home with his band of robbers as greedy and daring as himself, he entered the Seine and began the work of pillage and destruction. Imagine the consternation of the peaceful dwellers as they see this crowd alight from their boat and begin their unhallowed work! The cattle are driven off, the houses are entered and despoiled; and, yet not content, the torch is applied. Again and again they renew their unwelcome visit, until at last one king, wiser than his predecessors, proposes a remedy. Rollo and his followers are invited to settle on the Seine and till the land. The invitation is accepted, and the pitiless Northland is gladly forsaken for the sunny clime of France; the heathen pirates become kindly farmers; they rebuild the city of Rouen, and soon become strongly attached to their adopted home.

Leaving Aalesund and the thoughts of Rollo by the remnant of his castle, the steamer courses north of the Arctic circle to Tromsøe, the port where the polar adventurers make their final preparations for hopeless battle with the unknown icy giants of the North. Tromsøe is built on a strip of land separating the fiord from the ocean. Midway, where the city is situated, the fiord has the appearance of a lake nearly surrounded by a snow-rimmed mountain. The line along the clear blue sky is as sharp as though it had been cut by an engraver, while the lowest part of the mountain is covered with a dark-green forest robe extending to the water. On the Tromsøe side, especially near the city, there is a considerable space of gently rising land on which the grass is richly mingled with flowers.

At Tromsøe the sun, unless over-

clouded, is always in sight for two months of the year. Happily on the day of our arrival only a light fleecy wanderer now and then appeared in the sky, swam lazily along, and then dissolved. As the sun rose higher, his fiery beams heated the mountain-tops until they shone like molten silver. Looking downward, the metal gradually lost its dazzling whiteness, until it was hidden by the shrubbery. Dark shadows were cast along the edge of the silent forest, for on that perfect day not a tree sighed, and nature all around seemed "to forget to breathe, in the fulness of its delight."

The sun reached his height; not a single invader could be seen in the sky. The hours sped quickly; by ten o'clock all signs of life on shore had ceased. The Lapps, who during the day were constantly in evidence to both eye and



A FISHING VILLAGE ON THE RONDALS-VAND



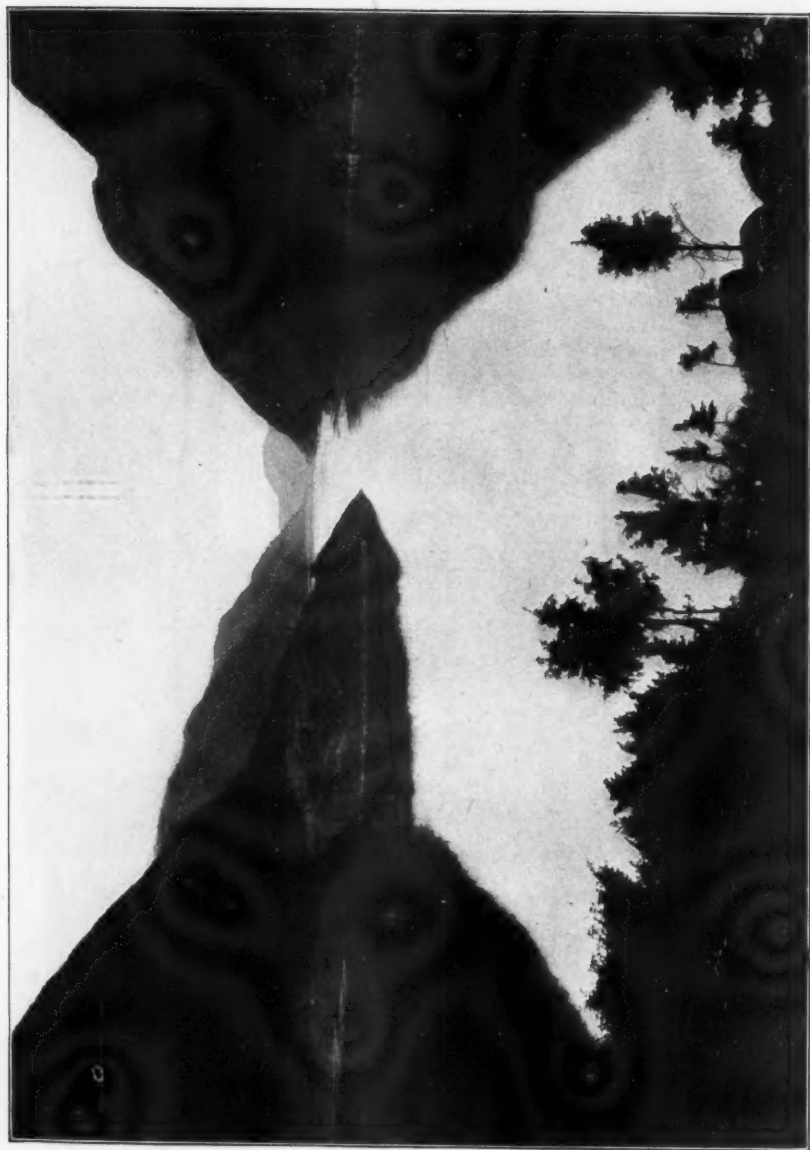
PEASANT GIRLS IN THE HARDANGER COSTUME

nose, had disappeared; even the watchdogs, hearing nothing, seemed asleep. What a transformation! The city less than a mile off, where a few hours before there had been so much animation, now in full light as silent as though stricken by some destroying angel, leaving not one alive!

And the fiord itself was in harmony with its surroundings. Now and then a fish broke the surface, but quickly disappeared, as if in apology for forget-

ting himself; later a pair of sea-gulls slowly flew around the steamer as though they were sleepy or confused by the night's delay. At length they, too, passed from sight, leaving the sun alone, the one moving thing save the company of men and women on board the steamer.

Presently some thin drapery obscures the sun from sight. The cloud disappears, but another comes, screening him completely from our view. Soon more appear, chasing and crashing into each



A TWILIGHT VISTA

other until a large space around the sun is obscured. Then they break, and the sun again peers through. For nearly three-quarters of an hour this battle continues; every rift is soon closed—all become anxious; midnight draws near. At length, just before the hour, he appears in full-orbed splendor, shining upon the mountain-peaks, lighting up the forest and shooting his rays across the fiord until it sparkles. We gaze with a strange, indescribable feeling—a new sensation of the sun's eternity, of the everlastingness of all things, which only sight of him at that hour can possibly call forth.

From Tromsøe the distance to the North Cape is a hundred and eighty miles, and between these places, amid rocks constantly lashed by the ocean, is an abode of innumerable gulls. From unknown time they have been the tenants of this cold, watery scene. As the steamer neared the spot, the gulls were resting on the sea and rocks or in the rocky caverns. A gun was fired; instantly they were darkening the air and rending it with their cries. They flew around confusedly, not knowing whither they should betake themselves from the strange noise. Gradually

they settled down into the sea and upon the rocks, doubtless looking with relief as the steamer glided away.

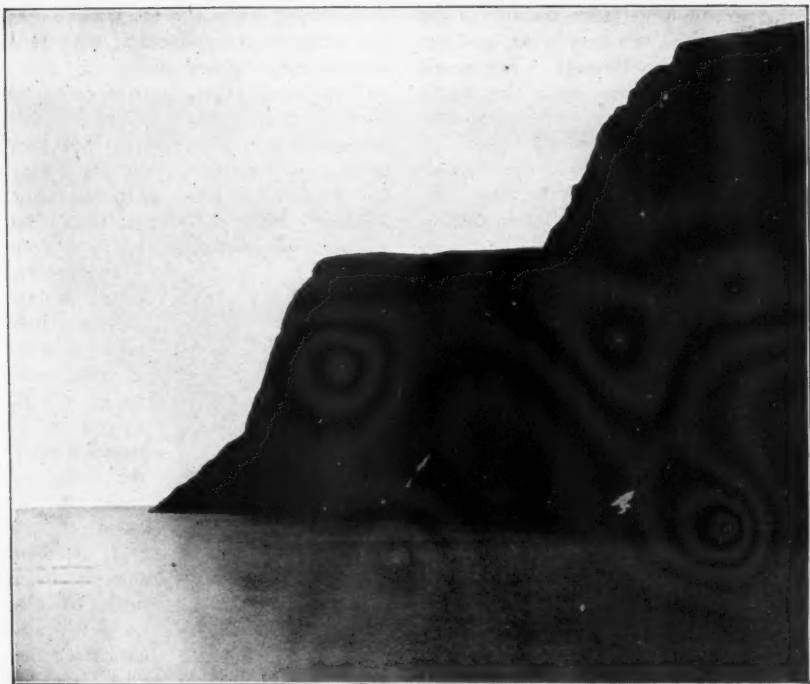
The North Cape is not quite the most northerly land in Europe, but it is far enough north. A dismal black point jutting out into the sea, nearly a thousand feet high. Leading to the top is a rough path not difficult to ascend, unless it be wet and slippery. From

the top to the edge of the cliff is a half-mile or more of hard walking over stones or through mire. At last we come to the edge of the cliff; the sun, though it is nearly twelve o'clock, has almost reached the lowest edge of his daily path, but is still far above the shimmering sea. You stand on that lonely point feeling, except for the presence of those around you, that you are



AN OLD NORSE KERKE

quite out of the world in which you have hitherto spent your life. You stand without, on a rock pelted by every storm of wind and snow; attacked by the fiery summer sun and pitiless winter frost; no wonder that neither tree, nor shrub, nor scarce a flower, can exist. Among the most solemn places on the globe it must be reckoned the world's end, a vast stony wreck projecting above the wide waste of waters.



NORTH CAPE, FRONTING THE FROZEN ARCTIC

From North Cape to Spitzbergen is a long stretch of more than four hundred miles of water, broken midway by a low, wave-washed rock called Bear Island. At length the white shores of Spitzbergen are descried; a few hours later mountains with sharp white peaks are seen rising coldly into the upper air. Vast glaciers fill the valleys between, pushing their huge forms slowly into the sea. From this exuberant snow dark rocks project here and there, contrasting strongly with the glittering whiteness. These rocks, which the snow cannot hold in its soft embrace, look cold and cheerless; black, wind-swept monsters, rending the vast shroud that covers the frozen deathland of the north.

And what is lying beneath that shroud? Nothing but rock, you say?

The steamer reaches an anchorage in Advent Bay, on the shores of which part of the shroud has been dissolved by the sun; and beneath, what do we behold? Large patches of flowers, trembling in the air, as dainty as ever gladdened the eyes and heart of man. The soil is a terminal moraine, the deposit of rocks ground up in a glacier-mill, which is still at work. On this soil mosses grow in great luxuriance; you walk over the velvet carpet, softer than on palace floor and far more beautiful. The colors are subdued but varied; pink, yellow, violet, mixed; "the bright enameled zones are far below," but the "slender flowerets" are here, and not far off is the "white realm of peace above the flowering line."

Even in that inhospitable clime,

where not a tree nor a shrub grows, the flowers are making due atonement for the niggardliness of nature—the most sensitive thing in the vegetable world living amid the sterility of the rocks! Whence came you, little flower; for surely there was a time when the island was only a bare rock covered with snow? Whence came forth life from the pulverized rock, to deck its barrenness and make it green? Surely there is a mystery in this, transcending explanation; a sense of something unseen but existing, of which the flower is only a faint, evanescent expression.

Like the life of those arctic flowers, the day has gone all too quickly; at eight in the afternoon the steamer starts homeward. A reluctance to go rises as the velvety earth disappears. But a new vision comes into view—a huge glacier, carrying a mighty load of earthy ruin in its journey to the sea. Two vast walls of stones and earth, pushed aside and upward, clearly mark the path of the

grinding monster. Its power is spent by the water's edge; the glacier cracks and falls bit by bit into the hungry sea.

Again the scene changes. Now, on either side of the bay are vast glistening snow-fields; and jutting from them, like the backs of huge animals, black rocks, nearly buried beneath the snowy avalanche. Farther away sharply defined mountains rise from the surrounding desolation. Unvisited by adventurous bird or hardy reindeer, the mountains court the companionship of the sun, which smiles over them from foot to summit. Hours have passed since weighing anchor; the unresting sun is now coursing upward, the land on the western side of the bay is fading and mingling with the sky, while the bay itself has expanded into the slowly beating, illimitable, sunlit sea.

Albert S. Bolles



IN HARBOR AT BERGEN



MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

Photograph by Soren

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

AN INTERPRETER OF MODERN EMOTIONAL DRAMA

Individuality is the note of the modern drama of ideas. Because the advanced dramatists of today—such as Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Echegaray, and Galdós—in their eager exploration of the mysteries of the conscience of mankind, have turned from the poetic tragedies of antiquity and the romantic stories of the Renaissance to the first-hand study of living men and women, it is necessary that the players interpreting their works shall discard academic traditions for what is rightly called "naturalistic" acting. To be natural on the stage they must be essentially themselves. Only traditional characters can be played in accordance with traditions. The transcriber of new and original human documents must deduce laws and create precedents of his own. That is why a Dusé's Magda, or a Calvé's Carmen, or a Réjane's Zaza, belongs by creative right as much to the actress or the singer as to the author and the composer. And that is, indirectly, the reason why the play-going public has so much curiosity regarding the personalities of successful players. This sentimental interest is legitimate enough so long as it does not encroach upon privacy. The work of an actress is for the public; and her art, when she happens to possess any, is so interblended with her personality that no line can be drawn as to where one ends and the other begins.

Minnie Maddern Fiske is today America's foremost intellectual-emotional actress. She has been tacitly recognized as such, perhaps, during the past four or five years, since her *Tess*

of the *D'Urbervilles*, and her *Becky Sharp*; but it is only this season that her supremacy has been confirmed in a popular triumph of the first magnitude, in what may be called a typical twentieth-century play, *Leah Kleschna*, given during the winter at the Manhattan Theater in New York City.

It is to be noted, in a glance backward at her antecedents, that this actress was born into the theatrical profession. New Orleans was her birthplace, her father being an influential manager in the West and South, and her mother, Lizzie Maddern, a highly esteemed artist. Inheriting from both parents a studious disposition as well as histrionic tendencies, Miss Minnie received her formal education in convent schools, while playing children's parts at intervals for several years, and at sixteen was a responsible "leading lady." In her early starring days she had experience in a large variety of modern rôles, ranging from French emotional and society plays to domestic drama of the *Fogg's Ferry* brand. Her first metropolitan hit was in a comedy entitled *Caprice*, in which the recollection of an impulsive, lonesome, elfish little girl with a great mass of Titian-red hair, flinging herself down on a hearth-rug before the grate-fire, and crooning a tender bit of song, "In the Gloaming," is one that many New Yorkers would not willingly let die.

The stage production of that poignant modern tragedy of rural life in England, Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, may be said to mark a turning-point in Mrs. Fiske's professional career. It revealed for the first



Photograph by Sarony

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

time that extraordinary power of rapt intensity in the pause of an exalted situation, whereby she is able to hold an audience spellbound at a tension which the slightest break would topple over from the sublime to the ridiculous. This is what she achieved in the scene where Tess slays her cynical betrayer, Aleck D'Urberville. It is a temperamental gift, as astonishing as it is rare.

Mrs. Fiske, like most trained artists, inclines to place a higher value upon technical accomplishments laboriously acquired than upon the innate qualities with which nature has endowed

her. I have heard her say that those thrilling effects of sheer personal magnetism—in unostentatious pantomime, where not a word is spoken—are comparatively "easy." They may be easy to her, but to ninety-nine actresses in a hundred they are impossible.

As Becky Sharp, in an effective dramatization of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* by Mr. Langdon Mitchell of Philadelphia, Mrs. Fiske scored another highly successful characterization, in the vixenish line of comedy. She had previously made her own—on the English speaking stage in this country—the sparkling impersonation of Cyprienne in Sardou's *Divorçons*, which holds a unique place in her repertoire, similar to that which Goldoni's *La Locandiera* occupies in Eleonora Duse's. She has also played Frou-Frou in the well-known but somewhat maudlin Parisian piece by those subsequent Academicians, MM. Meilhac and Halévy. Curiously enough, the actress who finds Ibsen's Hedda Gabler an interesting study has always revolted at Frou-Frou; not, as she explains, because this French character is bad morally, but because it is hysterical, degenerate, abjectly weak, and racially perverse.

Some three years ago Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, husband of the actress, acquired possession of the Manhattan Theater, a first-class metropolitan playhouse and one of the very few in New York—or in the whole United States, for that matter—not controlled by the Theatrical Trust. Without recapitulating here the account of Mrs. Fiske's long and bitter struggle against the monopolistic policy of this organization, we may take into consideration the undoubted fact that its opposition spurred her to redoubled efforts in building up an unrivaled stock company; while her being practically shut out of the European play markets turned her attention to the work of native American dramatists, which already had yielded her so much of prestige and substantial success.

Mrs. Fiske surrounded herself with a company of picked artists—for she has always insisted upon being, as she is today, simply one of a group of stars, or else of a capable aggregation without any star at all. She experimented with varying success in the original production of such new and untried works as *The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch*, *Miranda of the Balcony*, *A Bit of Old Chelsea*, *Little Italy*, and *Marta of the Lowlands*—the latter a translation from the Spanish of Angel Guimera, staged by Mrs. Fiske, but in which she did not personally appear. At intervals she revived some of the best things from her older repertoire, including *A Doll's House*, to which has been added recently that other striking Ibsen incarnation, *Hedda Gabler*.

An actress of Mrs. Fiske's keenly alert and inquiring mind could not possibly escape Ibsen. He pervades the theater of today, and foreshadows the creative, psychological drama of the twentieth century. One may instinctively love the suave beauty of Shakespeare's verse, his tenderness and mystery, the romantic glamor, gayety, movement, nobility, and charm with which he invests life, and yet feel that, with his age,

"Glory and loveliness have passed away,"

as Keats says. These things do not correspond with the reality of our days. We turn, then, with a kind of protesting fascination to the austere and somber Scandinavian master for new pictures from the *outramer* of the human conscience, set forth in the unity of "amplified catastrophes," with the utmost resources of dramaturgic art. There are no cries, no violence or bloodshed, no declamations, no visible tears. With Ibsen's characters, in *Rosmersholm*, in *Ghosts*, in the other two pieces mentioned, throughout all his works, the passion and the poesy are within. Those deep waters run still, but their shuddering depths strike us, as in real life, with mysterious emotions akin to terror and awe.



Photograph by Saron.

LEAH KLESCHNA

The "old-fashioned" way of being intense was for the actress to have a fit. Nowadays death itself is unobtrusive, as regards external demonstration. Hedda Gabler, in her climax of desperation at the end of all things in vain, plays a diabolic waltz on the piano, and then with a defiant laugh picks up her pistol and sends a bullet into her brain. The real drama passed long before.

Mrs. Fiske finds Hedda, like some other rôles of similar perversity which she has played, "interesting." This does not necessarily mean that she sees anything heroic, or good, or admirable

in them, individually; or even that they inspire her with the least personal sympathy or liking. But if not, then the perverse character, besides being a study in itself, is an integral part of a combination which taken altogether develops at last those selfsame desirable attributes. Thus, Hedda Gabler is a cold, egotistical, devilish creature, who hates the world because it is not "beautiful" according to her ideas, and would persecute and destroy all whom she is powerless to act upon or in some way play destiny to—including herself. But then, there is an Aunt Julia—sweet, simple, saintlike in her unquestioning devotion to others—who shines out through the morbid miasmas of the play like a light in the wilderness. The ultimate moral impression derived, as M. Jules Lemaitre has finely observed in his analysis of this same drama, is that self-abnegation and charity, being the most potent factors to shape the ends of our world, constitute the most esthetic of existences; that nothing can be more efficacious—whether for the beauty of one's own life or as an influence upon the lives of others—nothing more distinguished, nor more aristocratic, than goodness and simplicity of heart.

Mary of Magdala, translated into classic English verse by Mr. William Winter from the German of Paul Heyse, stands apart from all the other productions which Mrs. Fiske has essayed—and, indeed, from modern drama in general. It is an exalted reverie, remote from the actual world, throbbing with spiritual emotion. Mary moves as in a dream, betwixt the material dross of her estate as courtesan and the mystic beauty of adoration after she is converted, under the spell of human nearness to Jesus of Nazareth. It is a rôle to be lived rather than acted, and comes into the heart like the experience of an inspired moment in life. Mrs. Fiske visited the author in Germany, and she spent a happy summer of contemplation

alone with Mary of Magdala, in the Black Forest and along the sequestered valley of the Neckar. This is her preferable method of "study," and at the same time it brings a rest and contentment of its own which Mrs. Fiske declares is the dearest compensation in the essentially simple life of an actress.

In the middle of December last, after long and careful preparation, the new and original five-act play of *Leah Kleschna*, written by a young though not unknown American author, Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, was produced at the Manhattan Theater. Its success was spontaneous and unequivocal, and proved to be enduring. Mrs. Fiske assumed the title rôle, which, according to her principle and practice, is not one of "star" prominence, but shared the honors equally with four or five others played by the best artistic ensemble to be found today in any New York theater, with the possible exception of Mr. Belasco's.

Leah Kleschna is in some respects unique among recent dramatic pieces. It is theatrically effective without being obviously artificial; and, though essentially a realistic problem play, it is clean, wholesome, and pervaded with an optimism rising almost to ideality. The scene is Paris, the time today. Leah is a half-orphan, whose father is what may be called a high-class criminal, a man of courage and force in his way, who has trained up his clever, spirited daughter to be a professional crackswoman. One of their burglarious enterprises is to break into the house of one Sylvaine, a public man of distinction, and steal from his safe the family jewels which he is going to offer to his affianced bride as a wedding-gift. Leah accomplishes this task with her accustomed skill, but is caught in the act by Sylvaine himself. Sylvaine, however, is an advanced social philanthropist who believes not in prisons but in kindly moral persuasion for the correc-

tion of vicious tendencies in our fellow-creatures. He extends this charity to Leah, who melts into repentant tears. Upon this scene, in the dead of night, suddenly breaks in Raoul, the debauched son of distinguished and honorable parents, and brother of the lady whom Sylvaine is to marry. Raoul puts the ugliest possible interpretation upon the presence of Leah in Sylvaine's house, and then himself steals the jewels. After Leah has been allowed to go her way in peace and gratitude, and Raoul summarily dismissed, the philanthropist finds that he has been robbed after all. Still his faith in the girl remains unshaken. Leah, rising to the situation, then calmly declares herself guilty because, if Raoul were to be accused of theft, it would bring disgrace upon the family of Sylvaine's fiancée. Sylvaine keeps silence for the same reason. But the family balk at his generosity toward Leah, and the match is broken off. Leah quits her father and the old associates forever, after loyally extricating them from danger of arrest, and returns to her childhood's home in an Austrian hamlet, to take up her humble work in the fields. Three years later Sylvaine follows her thither, and asks for his own the regenerated womanly life that he helped to lift out of the depths.

This is practically identical with Victor Hugo's noble thesis in *Les Misérables*. Some loose ends are left in Mr. McLellan's working out of it, and he has not escaped charges of inconsistency, insin-



Photograph by Sarony

MARY OF MAGDALA

cerity, and the theatrical exploitation of a quixotic theory which presumably he would be the first to repudiate if brought to a personal test in the actual conduct of every-day life. The same has been said of Victor Hugo often enough, and doubtless with some reason. Yet the Christian ideal remains unsullied and beautiful, no matter how far short of it

weak and struggling humanity may fall. Without preaching, to present it to attentive multitudes as a concrete object-lesson in an intrinsically interesting novel or play is surely a laudable achievement, worthy of the best effort of which any artist may be capable.

"A grand duty of charity and of justice," says M. Maeterlinck—and it was Mrs. Fiske who first called my attention to the significant passage of *Le Double Jardin*—"subsists at the present moment in the bottom of all good hearts. Perhaps out of the strife of this duty against our ignorance and our egotism may come the true drama of the century. Once this stage is reached in real life as on the mimic scene we may begin to talk of a new theater, a theater of peace and beauty without tears."

Changeable as a chameleon, or a cloud, in her sensitive varying reflection of surroundings or the mood within, Minnie Maddern Fiske is a baffling person to describe. She is almost never seen in society or in public, except on the stage of her own theater. A rather petite woman, with hair like autumn leaves in sunshine, big, shining gray eyes with an eager and rapt look in them, a child one instant and a woman whom the world can teach but little the next, is the casual impression gained from meeting her in private life. She dresses mostly in simple black or brown, and seems to be always reading, or else meditating over something she has just read. Her voice is pleasing, low, but clear and incisive; and in moments of impulse her words and sentences shoot forth vehemently with a level intensity of utterance that is her most singular characteristic, and the only thing about her acting which might be called a "mannerism."

Mrs. Fiske is a relentless and indefatigable worker at rehearsals and during performance; though if she had her way, the European custom of principals playing only three or four times a week

would be in force here. In the summertime she gets away from everything save her own thoughts and imaginings; and among the inaccessible woods and mountains, or abroad on the Mediterranean shores of Spain and France, or perhaps floating in a gondola along the canals of Venice, those ideas come to her which, when later they color the acting of a particular scene on the stage, are very naturally attributed to her exceptional technic and premeditated art.

The fictitious characters which she plays seem to interest this actress in precisely the same way that so many living human beings might. She may not always sympathize with or approve of them, but their minutest traits and motives are worth finding out. The more complex and sinister they are, the more fascinating. Doubtless this is one reason for her leaning toward the Hedda Gablers and the Becky Sharps. Bad people are better dramatic material than good people because they act upon the impulses which we righteous folk repress, and get themselves into all sorts of scrapes which we are clever enough to avoid. The conscience of a virtuous heroine is so clear that it does not require any artistic illumination, and so to make her dramatically worth while she has to be overwhelmed with undeserved and illogical misfortunes. The dark conscience of the wicked, on the other hand, gives the actress the desired opportunity for a splendid spectacular glare.

The charity of our modern artist, then, is not of the sort that covers a multitude of sins, but rather seeks to dissect and deal with them in the broad daylight, with a full understanding of their scope and influence—on the principle that to understand all is to pardon pretty much everything.

Henry Tyrrell

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN—THE SON OF HIS FATHER

BY HERBERT VIVIAN

A young minister of state always appeals to the popular imagination, if only as an example of precocity. We are not perhaps to include Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer in the category of infant prodigies, or decry him as too young at forty, though his years are certainly few as men count them in politics. Nor may we ascribe to him one of those impetuous natures which force their way irresistibly to the front, maugre every obstacle. But he presents a psychological interest by the contradictions in his simple nature. From an early age he set himself to mimic his father's appearance; but few characters have presented more essential differences. While Chamberlain the elder has a young head on old shoulders, conspicuous daring, recklessness of consequences, energy which borders on effrontery, raging, tearing impatience, strong passions, quick resentments and—what very few have realized—a heart upon his sleeve, his son dilutes his assurance with diffidence, drifts instead of pushing, walks delicately, eschews all sentiment.

When he rose to deliver his Budget speech, he betrayed a disarming pallor, a demure tremble which prompted him to spill an ink-pot over his trousers, a sweet simplicity which awoke pity in the most cynical or savage breasts. That the occasion was too much for him is no more a discredit than the maiden speech of Disraeli or the early oratorical efforts of Mr. Parnell. On the other hand, during the all-night sitting last session he charmed every

one by his imperturbable good humor, even though he was sometimes tempted to conceal it behind a rampart of lugubrious frowns. He can be obstinate enough when his conventions are challenged, but he shares with most great teachers that childlike innocence which enables him to conjure impetuous opponents, that wise diffidence which is always ready to defer to an expert.

Those who see a great future in store for him are agreed in devoting special admiration to the teachable side of his disposition. When he was Postmaster-General he delighted his subordinates by the frank condescension which enabled him to share their frugal repasts and lend a genial ear to their small talk. Now that he is Chancellor of the Exchequer, burdened with the cares of intricate legislation, he proves his strength by the admirable frankness with which he adopts the advice of his underlings. During debates in committee on the finance bill he spent a great part of his time running to and from the seats below the gallery, where permanent officials were waiting to prime him with facts or fictions—at any rate with statistics. If he was sometimes led astray, as in the case of the tobacco duty, he can justify himself with Charles II that his acts are those of his advisers.

There is a regrettable tendency to refrain from taking him quite seriously, and hasty critics have jumped to the conclusion that his present high position is an artificial one, the conjunction

of various political accidents—at best an experiment which may never be repeated. This is to forget the almost unique advantages which he has enjoyed. If Disraeli was born in a library, Chamberlain the younger was conceived in a committee-room, brought forth in a polling-booth, cradled in a political atmosphere; all through his life he has sat at the feet of a Gamaliel who is the prime expert in parliamentary machinery. Some may question the strong individuality of a gentleman who can have been moved, even by filial piety, to follow all the surprising changes of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's political career. But we are to remember that in the days of the doctrine of ransom the present Chancellor of the Exchequer was too young to be compromised by fixed opinions, and that his first appeal to electors was from a semi-Conservative platform. I have had many opportunities of observing his mental development, and I have small hesitation in asserting that upon the whole it has been consistent with such honesty as a politician is capable of, combined with an eye to advancement. At any rate, he is to be congratulated upon his success in carrying out a highly polemical campaign without making a single personal enemy. At the same time it is only fair to say that he is one of those colorless individuals who do not easily add to the circle of their acquaintances. This is perhaps an additional reason for prognosticating a distinguished political career. No affections and a great brain were laid down by Disraeli as the prime conditions of prosperity in political life. Apart from his devotion to his father, he probably fulfils the first of these conditions; as to the second, it is to be remembered that brains are no longer so necessary, or at any rate so usual, among modern politicians as they were last century.

When I first went up to Cambridge in 1883, I had a mighty curiosity to make the acquaintance of this young

gentleman, then in his second year. His father was much canvassed as a rising Radical, whose extreme views had not yet been tempered to the storm of public opinion.

The difficulty was that no one seemed to know the son of the Radical leader. The only facts which I could gather were that he lived much alone, but was already a conspicuous figure at the debates of the Union Society. One or two men who had been at Rugby with him said they did not think much of him; but the only reason I could extract was that he never distinguished himself at games, and I inferred that he had held his own, otherwise, in a quiet way.

At the Union I was cordially greeted by an eccentric man named F—, with whom I had crossed swords at the Harrow Debating Society. He shook me warmly by the hand and told me what a very high opinion he had of my qualities as an orator. This piece of flattery was intended to lead up to a request that I should join a party he had formed to resist a proposal for new buildings at the Union.

Now, Austen Chamberlain was one of the prime movers of this scheme, which in process of years led to the vast improvement of the Union premises. F— had been indefatigable in working up a formidable party, consisting for the most part of men who had no interest in the Union but desired to please a popular friend. As a two-thirds majority was necessary to carry the proposal, the fight between the reformers and the reactionaries promised to be a close one. Enormous excitement and some bitterness prevailed.

F— certainly had plenteous arguments about the dangerous extravagance of the proposed expenditure, and he painted lurid pictures of the impending bankruptcy of a historical debating society, which had cradled so many statesmen and orators in the past. I was inclined to agree with him, but I had not committed myself



Drawn by George R. Hallett

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

definitely before I made the acquaintance of Austen.

This came about a week or two later, when I received a letter of introduction from a Radical member of Parliament. Just as I was about to leave this letter, I met M—, who is now a journalistic henchman of Tariff Reform. He told me he was to see Chamberlain that evening, and offered to mention the matter to him. Presently he came back with a message that I might call any night after Hall. "But," said M—, with his usual frankness, "he doesn't seem very keen about knowing you, as he hears you are against the new buildings at the Union." However, my curiosity impelled me to persevere, and I very soon went round with my letter to his rooms.

Chamberlain's reception of me was courteous without being cordial. He brought out his grievance about the Union buildings almost at once, and had evidently been watching all the

movements of F—'s party with a vigilant eye. He quite took the tone that "all who are not for us are against us," and was by no means satisfied when I told him I had not yet committed myself one way or the other. He remarked with much sarcasm that he had heard F— went the round of the freshmen, assuring them of the importance they would gain by voting with him, because one of their votes would counterbalance two on the other side.

After venting his feelings on this point, he soon settled down to talking politics, which was indeed the usual occupation of himself and his friends. Their main idea of politics was what they called the social question—that is to say, the problem of poverty and the possibility of a great democratic revolution. These matters were then agitating the minds of most political undergraduates and formed the topic of endless discussions. With the enthusiasm of youth they approached it, not as a fly-paper for voters but as a blemish of civilization.

Austen's remedies struck me as mere patchwork, and I used to have long arguments with him, protesting the necessity of going to the root of the matter. He seemed to think that an increase of municipal enterprise and some method of taxing the well-to-do for the indiscriminate benefit of deserving and undeserving poor would remove all grievances. The gospel of ransom was evidently working at the back of his mind, and, with the only impetuosity which I ever detected in the temperament of this elderly young man, he was prepared to go almost any length in the direction of Fabian socialism. It was all very academic, all very generous after the manner of Mr. Barlow, but it was not convincing. He evidently only spoke from hearsay, and saw the poor darkly through the glasses of scribes and demagogues. The chief authority for his facts was Canon Barnett, whose conversations he would repeat with



"From an early age he set himself to mimic his father."

much apparent fidelity. But he had also lent a willing ear to the various tub-thumpers whose pronouncements then attracted more attention than they do at the present day. He and his friends were all agog with excitement when Henry George, an American philosopher, came and addressed a huge meeting at the Town Hall in a husky voice and rambling manner. They were still more feverishly exercised when Mr. Hyndman of the Social Democratic Federation opened a debate at the Union, perhaps never so crowded before or since. Oddly enough, though we had a large permanent Conservative majority, the general sympathies seemed to incline to his side; and one unfortunate undergraduate who indulged in a violent attack on the Socialist leaders was mercilessly howled down.

To my mind the most interesting of the many political visitors during my time at Cambridge was Lord Randolph Churchill. He became president of the University Carlton club, whereof I was vice-president, and he did me the honor of coming to lunch with me on the Sunday after our annual dinner. Austen Chamberlain was one of the undergraduates whom I invited to meet him. There were a great many people to introduce, and Lord Randolph probably caught very few of their names. In the middle of lunch he turned to me and asked: "Does any one here know young Chamberlain?" His father asked me to look him up." "There he sits facing you," I replied; and both were very much amused.

But this was in 1885, and I am wandering away from my first impressions of Chamberlain the younger. I soon took a fancy to him. He could talk well—indeed, I always thought he talked better than he spoke. His opinions were evidently all cut and dried, and he was absolutely inflexible in argument. Nothing that anybody said made him diverge from his opinions one hair's breadth. When making a speech



"He betrayed a demure tremble which prompted him to spill an ink-pot over his trousers."

he betrayed a curious provincial intonation—not quite a twang, but not very far off. Sometimes it reminded me of Mr. Gladstone's exotic accent. His sense of humor was rather of the American type, and his speeches were usually sprinkled with small anecdotes, such as are to be found in the odd corners of popular papers. Only one of them remains in my memory:

"We have been favored with much exuberance of oratory from honorable gentlemen on the other side of the House. I confess they remind me of the remark made by the owner of a public-house close to Niagara Falls. An enthusiastic traveler had expressed his admiration of the mighty volume of water which hurled itself over the precipice into the abyss below. 'Yes,' said the publican, 'they are very fine falls, and the only fault I have to find with them is the poverty of the element.' So, sir, when I listened to the great stream of eloquence which emanated from the other side of the House, instead of being overwhelmed by its loud rushing and roaring, I was content

to lament the conspicuous poverty of the element."

On the whole, I should describe the Austen of those days as being fluent rather than eloquent, smart rather than convincing. His ideas were sometimes original, but, as a phrenologist might have told from the shape of his head, he had little or no imagination. In matters of administration he was perhaps more successful than as a debater. He did not succeed in securing the coveted prize of the Union presidency, but he held the post of vice-president, and thereby became responsible for the business side of the place. From time to time the House met for private business, which was of a petty character.

There would be hot debates on such questions as the newspapers to be taken in by the society, the books to be added to the library, and the supply of soap in the lavatory. I remember the scathing way in which he once denounced pilfer-

ers of nail-brushes. There was a Puritan party which brought in a motion every term "that the *Sporting Times* be no longer taken in by this society"; and some malevolent person remarked that, if this motion were carried, the honorable member from Birmingham would be deprived of the accustomed source of his jokes. This was a libel which he did not take in good part.

It is useless to pretend that he was ever very popular. During his last year he enlarged his circle of acquaintances, drawing most of them from a set at King's with literary ambitions. He was one of the few persons who were selected for acquaintance with the Duke of Clarence. But all through his sojourn at Cambridge he was the object of bitter attacks and opposition from Conservatives who did not know him personally. At the Union they used to go about and whisper over his Radicalism, urging one another not to vote for an "agnostic." One day he was standing in the hall of the Union by the notice-board when an election was in progress, and he overheard a declaration that some one was not going to vote for a "damned atheist." As a matter of fact, I believe he was a Unitarian, and the ground for attributing more advanced views was the fact that he had obtained, with his father's sanction, leave of absence from Chapel.

In many ways his character was curiously complex. He was reserved and rather proud. He held himself aloof, and not only never sought but almost repelled acquaintances. Nothing would induce him to say anything about his prospects, intentions, or ambitions. If he were asked his opinions on any subject, he would weigh his answer with all the responsible solemnity of a Minister on the Treasury Bench. He never mentioned his ambitions, but he evidently considered his slightest statement was likely to be criticized by posterity. I remember his taking up a book of cuttings, where I had pasted



A favorite attitude.—3 a.m. after an all-night session



C.R.H.

"I was propelled down the street at a headlong rate."

the reports of various debates in which we had both taken part. He at once took out a pencil and made elaborate corrections of the grammar and sentiments attributed to him by the reporter.

On the other hand, Austen would sometimes suddenly unbend. Without a word of warning he would get up in his chair when T. M— was in the room, and indulge in a violent scrimmage. There would have been no provocation—indeed, the conversation had probably been proceeding anxiously on the lines of socialism and the doctrines of Mr. Malthus. T. M— would generally be taken at a disadvantage, reclining in an armchair. Then, before you could say "Joe," the two would be wrestling and panting and struggling all over the room, upsetting chairs and tables and ornaments, and

never resting until one or the other was laid flat on his back.

I was only once admitted to this particular form of intimacy. It was one evening when we were leaving Chamberlain's rooms in Green Street after dinner. Some mild chaff had gone on as we made our way down the stairs. Then out in the street I suddenly found my arms and neck violently seized by Chamberlain and T. M—, and I was propelled down the street at a headlong rate. I managed to edge my way to the side of the houses, and clutched frantically at every bell as we passed. The whole thing was done so quickly that there was little time for reflection; but when, panting and breathless, we reached the end of the street, a whole army of angry householders, landladies, and servants were shaking their fists at



"Sir, I cannot allow you to discuss Mr. Chamberlain in my presence."

us, and we came to the very wise conclusion that we had better make ourselves scarce.

I should not say that Austen had the bump of veneration extensively developed, but his father was his one fetish. On one occasion, when he was eating a bun at a railway buffet, he overheard a stranger denouncing the idol. He intervened hotly at once, and exclaimed: "Sir, I cannot allow you to discuss Mr. Chamberlain in my presence." The other only laughed at the stripling, asking: "Why not? Who are you?"

"Never mind who I am; I won't have it." But the other was too much amused to quarrel. Austen never spoke of his father without bated breath, and evidently regarded him as a being of very different clay from the ordinary mortal. So fervent was he on this point that he contrived to inspire most of his acquaintances with a second-hand devotion. It was a great favor and a mark of confidence for him to ever mention his father at all to us, much as a religious fanatic might hesitate to breathe the mysteries of his creed in

the presence of the profane. Here are a few of Austen's stories about the ex-Colonial Secretary.

He had chanced to meet at a party Lady Dorothy Nevill, then as always a protagonist of the Primrose League. She came up to him, shaking her finger in his face, and said: "You are a very dangerous man, Mr. Chamberlain, but we are not a bit afraid of you, because all the snobs are on our side."

Once when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was traveling abroad, a waiter innocently inquired of Mr. Jesse Collings whether "*Monsieur votre fils*," namely the youthful-looking member for West Birmingham, would also dine at table d'hôte. Another diverting incident was provided by the "unco' guid" in Scotland, when they were scandalized to hear that Mr. Chamberlain was traveling with a certain "Jessie Collins" without a chaperon.

At the time when the Home Rule question was most acute Mr. Chamberlain spent a few days with Sir William Harcourt in May, 1888. As he was going away, the visitors' book was brought out for him to write his name, and he was beginning to squeeze it in at the bottom of a page where there was scarcely any room, when Sir William stopped him and said jocularly: "Come now, Chamberlain, after all I have said, the least you can do is to give me an earnest of your good intentions by turning over a new leaf here." But the guest affected not to hear him, and obstinately went on writing where he had begun. Presently he remarked dryly: "I stick to my old side, you see."

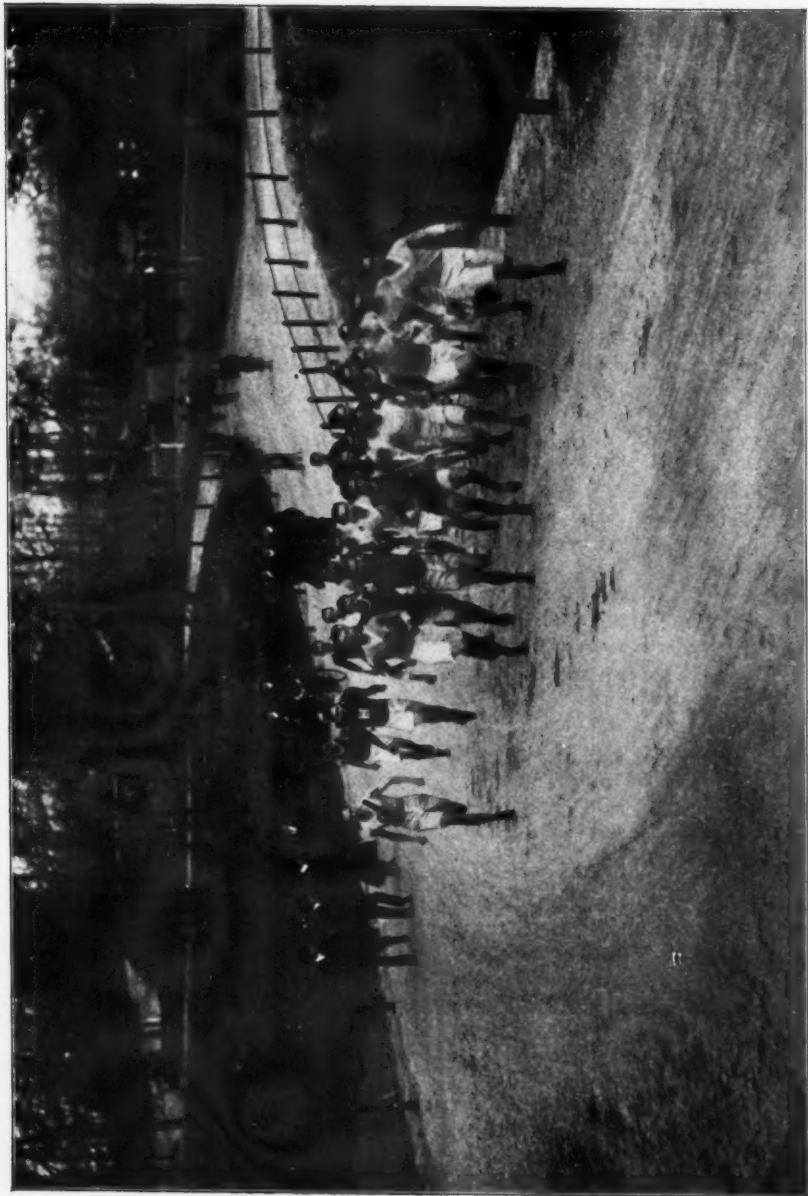
Apart from the debates at the Union Austen indulged in few distractions. Like the average studious undergraduate he generally restricted his exercise to an afternoon constitutional on the Trumpington Grind. But I have sometimes persuaded him to play a game at lawn-tennis. I remember one in particular when he and Leo Maxse defeated Wilfred Blunt and myself. He indulged

in a very fierce overhand service which came off fairly often, but he was too short-sighted to make very sure of his returns. In appearance he was by no means athletic, and I remember my surprise when he told me that some one had invited him to go out riding.

The surest way to his heart was to ask his advice as a man of the world. He would give it with great solemnity, and solve a case of conscience with the utmost impartiality. He certainly had a high code of honor, and was very strict with himself as with others on such questions as literal veracity, the respect of confidences, and the duties of friendship.

I saw young Chamberlain nearly every day during term for about two years, but I never felt that I knew him well. Round about his character there was an outer shell which very few were able to penetrate. He took offense too easily to make a good friend, and he was, perhaps, too much self-centered to make a good enemy.

It would be idle for me to draw any conclusions from these random recollections of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer as an undergraduate, but what I have set down impartially may serve to satisfy those who are curious about the possibilities of his career. If a Conservative government could be returned to office within the next fifty years, I should be ready to anticipate a protracted ministerial career for this young gentleman, who possesses so many of the qualities, more especially the negative qualities, which justify political ambition at the present day. As it is, he has only to develop a little hereditary agility, and it may not be impossible that a snug under-secretaryship may be found for him in one of Mr. Winston Churchill's administrations. Merit is a comparative quality, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain undoubtedly possesses the merit of fidelity, obedience, and discipline. Can I say more—or less?



START OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

At Traver's Island, November 23, 1904. Cornell won easily by having runners finish in first, second, fourth, and fifth places.

COLLEGE TRACK ATHLETICS

BY NATHAN P. STAUFFER

[NOTE.—Mr. Stauffer was a member of the University of Pennsylvania Track Team of 1896, and has since successfully coached collegiate and academic teams. During the past few years he has refereed many of the most important football games between the big colleges; and the side-line measuring device for indicating the ball on downs, generally adopted last year, is his invention. His activity in all branches of college sport enables him to speak with authority.—EDITOR.]

No greater athletic activity is on record than that witnessed at the dawn of the twentieth century. The seasons of 1904 and 1905, particularly, will be memorable in college track athletics; and first of all for the wonderful growth of track sports and the wide-spread interest in them. Lovers of these games include not only college men but school boys of every age. They are not confined to America, but the sport assumes more and more an international character and importance. In our own country the removal of sectional lines and local restrictions has enabled the public to measure the standards of the East and the West, and to observe the Northern as against the Southern athletes. In these various meetings the sport-loving citizens took a wholesome and enthusiastic interest.

Nineteen hundred and four was a year remarkable not so much for its many broken records as for the fact that the general standard was much higher than usual. The prominent athletes were not limited to a few colleges but every institution had a goodly share. The West came forward with mighty strides and gave convincing evidence of what the plains can do toward developing men. To those desirous of seeing the perfect man, the guide-post no longer points to Rome or Greece but to the Great West. Giants of over six feet are not now the exception but the common rule. Michigan sent Rose, her Hercules, for our first outdoor meet—

a physically perfect, symmetrically built man, who broke all collegiate records for the shot-put by hurling a sixteen-pound weight forty-eight feet three inches. In addition she sent a relay team of sturdy men who with their long swinging strides won the four-mile relay championship of America from the best men of Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Harvard, and Pennsylvania. Hahn, Michigan's small sprinting wonder, beat the best men the East could produce; while the special races, such as the hurdles, went to Schule of Michigan and Catlin of Chicago, both athletes over six feet three in height. This first meeting between the West and the East resulted in a general defeat of the Eastern men.

In addition to the Eastern-Western contests the women's colleges have attracted notice by their wonderful progress. Vassar College brings forward Miss James as a breaker of records. This young lady runs a hundred yards in the excellent time of thirteen seconds—remarkable running, considering her disadvantage in the matter of dress.

Another meeting of great interest, though outside of college limits, was the one conducted at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition by that enthusiastic sportsman, Mr. J. E. Sullivan. It was to determine how much truth there is in the tradition that the savage has wonderful fleetness of foot. To that end a two-day athletic meet, designated "Anthropology Days," was inaugu-



ARCHIE HAHN, MICHIGAN

Who holds the Conference record of $21\frac{3}{8}$ seconds for the 220-yard dash. He also won the Olympic championship in 60, 100, and 200-meter runs.

rated; to this, lanky Patagonians, Indians, Kaffirs, Moros, Japanese Ainu, African Pygmies, and Turks were invited to show their skill. The meeting served to demonstrate that the average savage would have a most difficult task to defeat even the Vassar girl; while Arthur Duffey, our American champion, could give any one of the savage contestants a start of one-third the distance and beat him easily to the tape. It took the Patagonian thirteen and three-fifths seconds to run one hundred yards, while the African consumed fourteen and three-fifths seconds. In the shot-put a massive Patagonian heaved a sixteen-pound weight thirty feet and five inches, which is less than the American record by eighteen feet.

Thus is the idea of the old-time natural athlete rudely but effectually dispelled.

There are five branches of college track athletics at present encouraged by American colleges — cross-country running, indoor running, relay races, dual track meets, and intercollegiate championship meets.

The idea of cross-country running was introduced in America in 1893 by George Orton, a Canadian runner, who had entered the University of Pennsylvania. Observing the dearth of long-distance runners in American

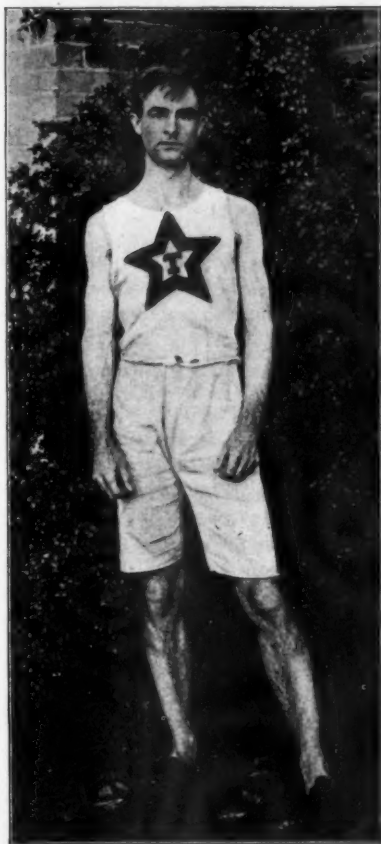


ARTHUR DUFFEY, GEORGETOWN

Champion of the world in the 100-yard dash; time, $9\frac{1}{8}$ seconds

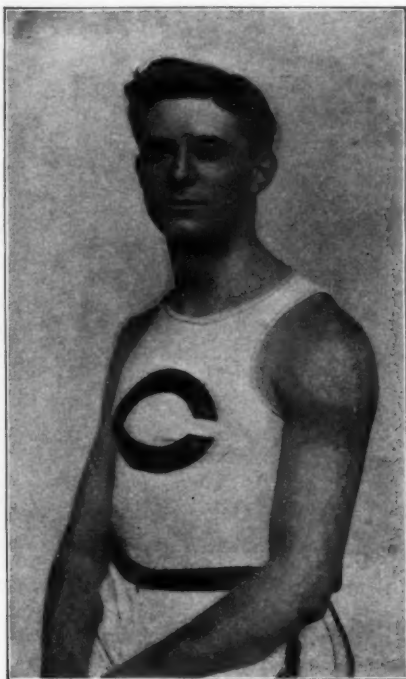
colleges and thinking to utilize the period of inactivity between football and baseball seasons, Orton proposed an intercollegiate cross-country association. Cornell was the only college to see its value. Some colleges considered it too great a strain on their runners, while others were frank enough to say that possibly Orton wanted to win the prize, for he was at that time the best long-distance runner in America.

An interesting story of Orton's early life illustrates the value of running. At the age of three years he fell out of a



W. J. BOWEN, CAPTAIN, TEXAS

Holder of the Southern record for the 100-yard dash; time, 10½ seconds

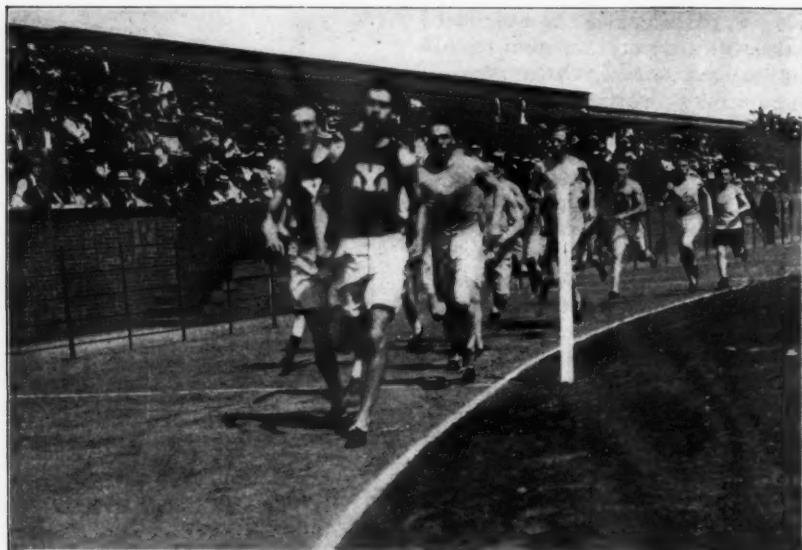


VICTOR S. RICE, CHICAGO

Who is the champion of the world for the 50-yard dash; time, 5½ seconds. Western Conference champion for the 100-yard dash.

tree, suffering thereby a concussion of the brain. The net results were a partial paralysis and a lack of muscular coördination, shown in his inability to stand erect, to arise without help, or to run. "At the age of eight," he says, "I seemed to come suddenly out of a dream. From that day onward I was always wanting to run." The change in his nature was so marked that he became noted in his Canadian town as "the boy who never walked or stood still." Early in his life his father entered him in a running race against grown men, and from that day his success dated. His record for the mile is still the high-water mark in American colleges.

The first cross-country team organized at Pennsylvania defeated her only



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Inquirer

YALE SETTING THE PACE IN THE HALF-MILE

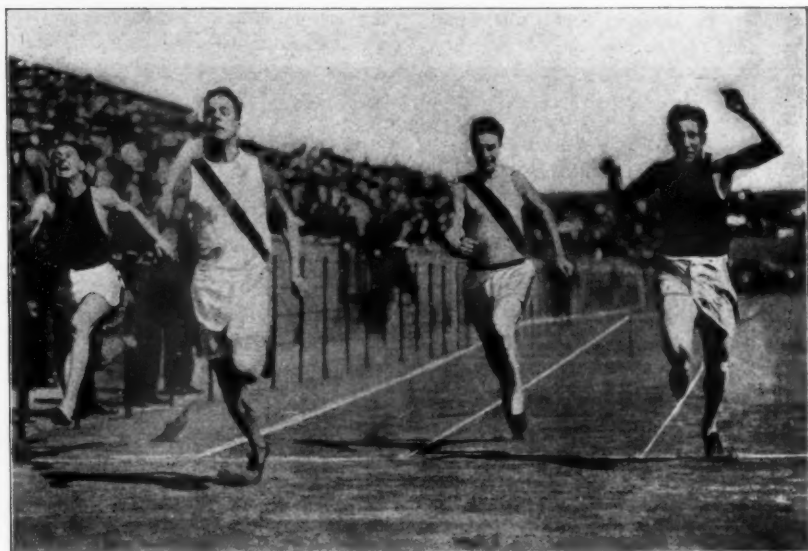
competitor, Cornell, on the day of their annual football game in 1894. The sport has constantly received fresh recruits, until, in 1899, the Intercollegiate Cross-Country Association was formed. Since then Cornell has won the championship in five different years, Yale capturing it once. At Traver's Island in 1904 Cornell was first by a considerable margin. Newman of Cornell won first place, beating Schutt's 1903 record by twenty-three seconds, running six and a quarter miles in the excellent time of thirty-two minutes and fifty-two seconds. Schutt is the boy who ran from his country home to Cornell University each day—a distance of fourteen miles for the round trip. He earned the Rhodes Scholarship for New York, and is now in England studying at Oxford University, where he takes first rank as an athlete. He is an example of what athletics and hard work will do for a boy, as he never ran before attending college, and is a product of Moakley's Cornell training. His running style in a race, with its long stride, easily stepped

and daintily as well as strongly made, recalls Kipling's familiar lines:

A trot that hammers out the grim and
warning text,
And I hear it hard behind me,
In what position soe'er I find me:
"Sure to catch you sooner or later.
Who's the next?"

While the East seems to possess the only cross-country association, the West and the South are rapidly becoming interested in the sport. Michigan, Chicago, and other Western colleges have weekly runs through the country, and offer prizes to interest and stimulate the new material. Farther south we find Texas and her kindred colleges holding weekly meets to encourage this branch of the game.

When the weather makes out-of-door running unsuitable and dangerous, the sprinters turn for relief to the gymnasium. For many years the athletes ran around a stuffy indoor track until it became a very dreary task, only relieved when some of the larger armories opened their doors and gave prizes. It was then the interest in indoor running



DEAR, PENN., 3.

BHICE, HAR., 1.

RULON-MILLER, PRIN., 4.

CARTMELL, PENN., 2.

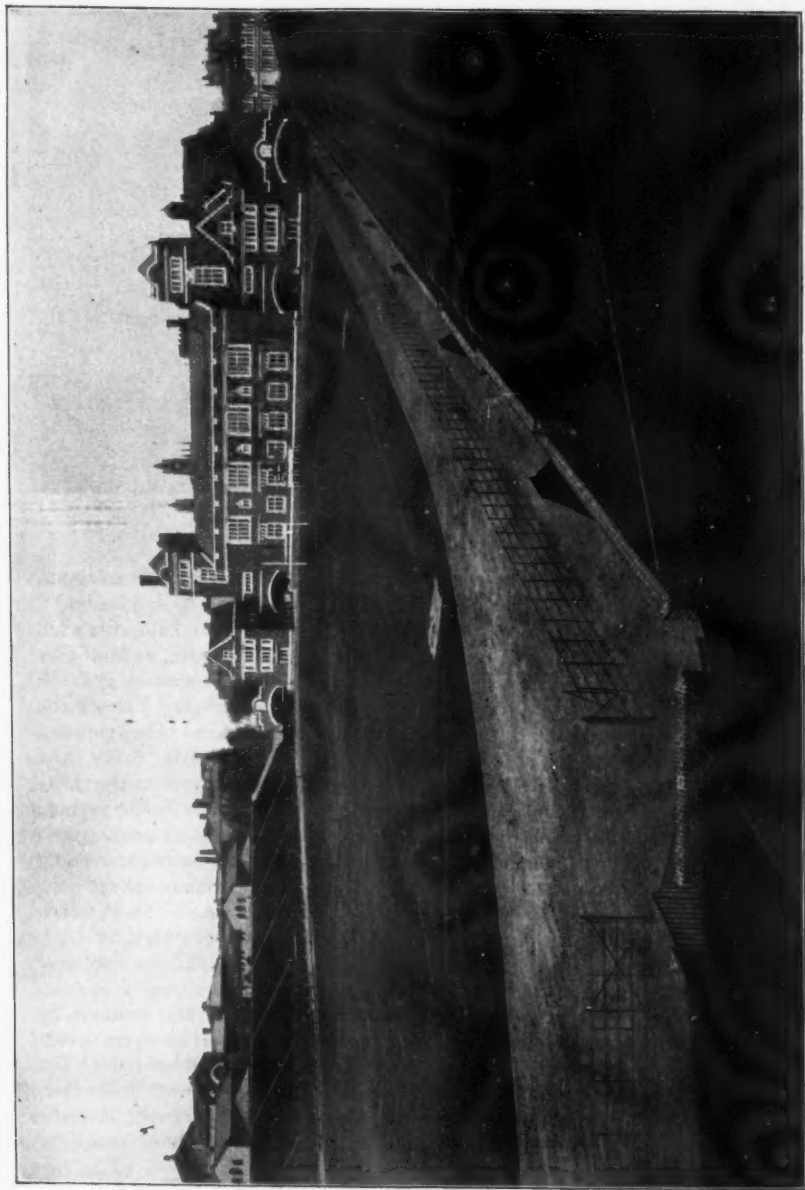
A CLOSE FINISH IN THE 100-YARD DASH

took a great stride forward. In the old days, when the runners with rubber-soled shoes traveled over a smooth floor, sprained ankles and falls were common. One athlete whom I knew fell, fractured his skull, and was unconscious for days. Now tan-bark or rubber-covered tracks are in vogue, and spiked shoes offer safe footing. I recall now the old athletic field at the University of Pennsylvania, on which stood a small frame shanty. For a track, boards two feet wide were laid upon the outdoor quarter-mile cinder-path. The first men out shoveled the snow away, and then the order of the day became a hurried toilet and a dash through the cold air, followed by a brisk rub-down. From that mediocre start the University went on, until now the winter months are spent upon cinder-paths under the new brick grandstands, where training can be done even at night by electric light. At other colleges, not so fortunate, training is done on a gymnasium track or outdoors.

In these days the sprinter can find use

for his talents from autumn to autumn, if he is so inclined. A succession of weekly indoor meets is held, Philadelphia taking the initiative, followed by the Irish Athletic Association and the New York Athletic Club. Thence the athlete can go to Boston, Georgetown, Cincinnati, Chicago, Ann Arbor, and San Francisco, and always as the guest of honor. Indoor events usually include short-distance running, shot-putting, and high-jumping, the interest of the evening centering in the meeting of college relay teams in the mile race. The Western colleges, as well as the others, hold big indoor meets for school boys only, and they claim to have discovered and developed many of their star runners by this indoor system. The most noteworthy indoor events of 1905 were the victory of Pennsylvania over Yale, Harvard, Columbia and Cornell; and the new record in the hurdles made by Catlin of Chicago.

When indoor work becomes most monotonous the runners begin dreaming of gold watches and silk banners

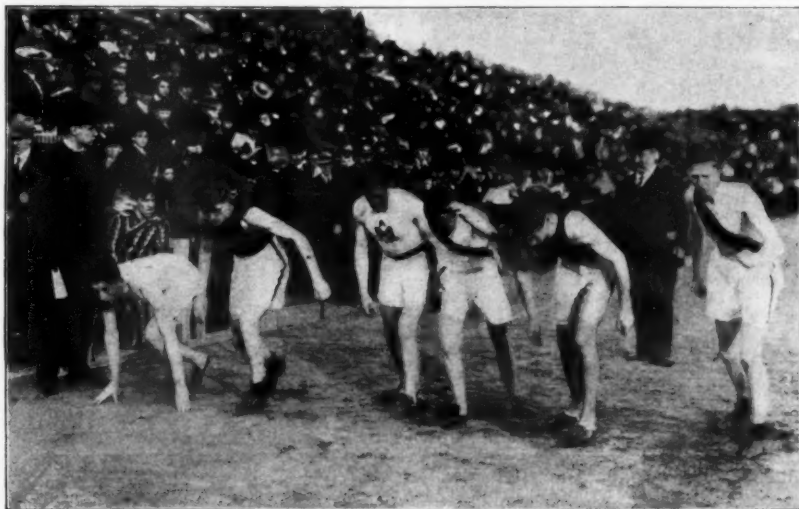


FRANKLIN FIELD, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

On which the Spring Relay Meet and the Eastern Intercollegiates are to be held this year

to be won at the famous spring relay races. Think of two thousand two hundred and twenty-five men and boys competing in various foot races on one field in a single day! In the much-heralded days of athletic Greece and Rome no such scene could be found. The original scheme is a product of the brain of Frank B. Ellis, a Pennsylvania graduate. It was created to overcome the dearth of school-boy material around Philadelphia, and the very first races

when the finest athletes of the East and the West will have their only chance of the year--and perhaps of a lifetime--of measuring their abilities. The events comprise a one-mile championship relay race in which each college is represented by four men, each man running a quarter-mile; a two-mile championship race; and then—to give the distance men a chance—the four-mile championship race in which each contestant runs one quarter of the



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Press

FOUR-MILE RELAY CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD

Won by the University of Michigan team in 18 minutes 52½ seconds

satisfied the demand for more and better distance runners.

Inaugurated in 1895, the first relay meet enlisted only twelve colleges and fifteen schools. Becoming more popular each year and proving very beneficial to track interest, it has gradually been enlarged until this month there are ninety-five colleges, one hundred and seventy-six academies, and sixty grammar schools competing on Franklin Field. In addition, the representatives of over two hundred different institutions contest in open field and track events,

distance. There are also championships for the preparatory, high-school, and grammar-school teams.

This year Michigan, although losing her star runner, Kellogg, will endeavor to capture the four-mile banner for the third time, and to lower the record of eighteen minutes fifty-two and three-fifths seconds she created. The East looks to Cornell's champion cross-country team to uphold its honor in this event. In the two-mile Pennsylvania is trying to induce some other colleges to give her champion team a



RALPH ROSE OF MICHIGAN

Putting the shot 48 feet 3 inches, breaking the world's record

race. Apparently Canada has caught the relay fever, sending down teams this year from McGill and Toronto Universities. The event of the day is the last race, the one-mile championship, which always produces a battle royal; for with Pennsylvania's champion indoor quartet, Yale's outdoor champions, the Western flyers from Chicago, and likely runners from Princeton and Georgetown, the fastest and largest class of quarter-milers in the world will be fighting for victory.

Following these relay events, the different colleges will have their dual and invitation meets. In the East, Yale with Princeton; then Yale with Harvard; Penn battling with Cornell; Cornell in turn with Columbia—all having their individual encounters as tests preliminary to the Intercollegiates. In the West, Michigan and Chicago have battled for years, the honors going to the Ann Arbor athletes four times out of five. Still farther west California

has defeated Leland Stanford in nine of their twelve meetings. In the South, Vanderbilt University finds in Sewanee and Georgia Universities worthy opponents. Even in the Southwest, Oklahoma finds worthy rivals in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Kansas. To the uninitiated this universal interest in track events may not seem strange; but when one recalls that ten years ago dual meets or track athletic meetings, aside from the professionals and athletic clubs, were confined mostly to Yale and Harvard, the wonder is that the sport has risen so rapidly to popularity.

In addition to dual meets in 1905, invitation meets for preparatory schools will be given by Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, California, Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, and Illinois. The Mercersburg Academy has won the Middle States championship and



J. B. TAYLOR, PENNSYLVANIA

The wonderful colored runner, who without exerting himself made a new Intercollegiate record of 49½ seconds for the quarter-mile, in 1904. He has the longest stride of any college athlete, and gives promise of breaking the world's record.



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Inquirer

BREAKING A WORLD'S RECORD IN THE POLE VAULT

the Yale cup, while Exeter ran away with the Harvard games. Among the Western boys the Lewis Institute of Chicago seems to be the most prominent, having won the Princeton and Chicago games, and losing the University of Michigan meet to Detroit by only half a point. This season gives every indication that many old records will be surpassed. These school boys are no mean antagonists, as they have run the one hundred yards in the fast time of ten seconds, thrown the hammer one hundred and fifty-two feet, and pole-vaulted more than eleven feet.

In every section of the United States a number of colleges are grouped in associations to determine which shall be entitled to the track championship. The oldest and largest, and the one holding the best records, is the Inter-collegiate Association of Amateur Athletics of America. Organized at Saratoga almost thirty years ago by Princeton, Yale, Columbia, Dartmouth, Wesleyan,

Williams, Bowdoin, the College of the City of New York, and Pennsylvania, it has grown from nine colleges until it now numbers the following twenty-three: Amherst, Boston, Bucknell, Colgate, College of the City of New York, Columbia, Williams, Cornell, Fordham, Georgetown, Harvard, Haverford, Johns Hopkins, Lafayette, Michigan, New York University, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Rutgers, Stevens, Swarthmore, Syracuse, and Yale.

This association is remarkable in that some colleges have never won a point in any of the meets. It is also remarkable for the number of times the championship has been won by two or three colleges. Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Cornell—each registering more than twenty-five hundred students—naturally have great advantages over colleges possessing one-sixth that enrolment. However, there seems to be an honor in thus competing that proves a veritable will-o'-the-wisp to

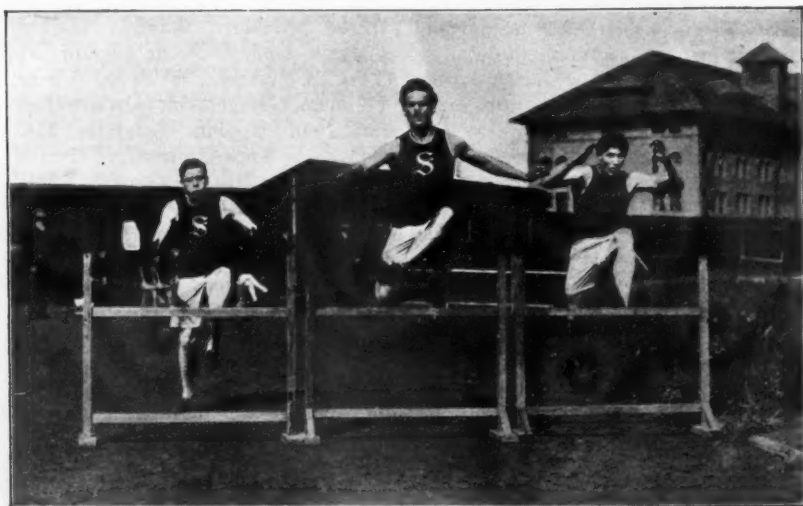
the smaller colleges. In looking over the records we find Harvard has won the championship twelve different years, Yale has won it nine years, Pennsylvania four years, Columbia three, and Princeton one year. From all indications Yale bids fair to retain the new thousand-dollar silver cup she won so handily on Franklin Field in 1904. Her success seems to lie in the ability to develop not only winners but also a string of men who capture second and third places. Harvard and Pennsylvania appear to be the ones who will press her most closely for honors.

In the West we find a somewhat similar condition, Michigan having won the Conference championship for the past five years. This league, designated as the "Big Nine," is composed of the leading institutions which practically govern Western athletics: Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, Purdue, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, and Northwestern. Such progress has been made by this association that its records have now reached the high-water marks of the Intercollegiates. In 1904 Mich-

igan won in Yale style by capturing four second places and four third places. The Ann Arbor athletes secured but three firsts, two by Rose in the weight events, and one by Kellogg in the two-mile run. This year Michigan has lost Rose and Hahn, and consequently will have a harder task to retain the championship she has won so often. Unlike the Eastern Intercollegiates, the Conference meet permits other colleges to compete in the championships upon invitation, even though they are not members of the association. As a result Leland Stanford, Drake, and Oberlin cut into Michigan's total in 1904 by securing thirteen points.

Traveling farther south and west we find interest in track athletics widespread. The competing colleges of the Southwest include Sewanee, Louisiana, Tennessee, Alabama, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, and Washington University at St. Louis.

Texas holds the championship of the Southern Intercollegiate Association,



Courtesy of the San Francisco Examiner

A HURDLE RACE AT LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY



Courtesy of the Philadelphia Press

SCHUTT OF CORNELL WINNING THE TWO-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP

With Nasmith of Colgate a close second. Schutt is the Rhodes Scholar whose running at Oxford has attracted the attention of English athletes.

and also of the Southwestern. The distances between points there are so vast that it requires great interest and enthusiasm for all the colleges to attend the annual meeting regularly. Some are unable to undergo the expense of sending a representative team, and so hold dual meets with rivals nearer home. Last year Vanderbilt traveled all the way from Tennessee to Austin, Texas, to give battle to old friends, and found only one other visiting college in competition. Texas won the meet by sixty-seven points; Vanderbilt scoring forty, and Georgetown, Texas, only one point. As the championships will be held this year at Dudley Field in Knoxville, Tennessee, it is hoped that more colleges will participate. The fight promises to narrow down to Texas, Vanderbilt, and Sewanee.

It would be a great advantage if the champions of these different leagues could be brought together in a meet to decide their individual supremacies;

this to be followed by sending the winners to England to meet the pick of the British Isles' athletes. Up to within the past few years our track records were constantly rated below those of our English cousins. But when the Americans invented the crouching start, they lowered the dash and hurdle records of the world. It was a novel idea, in contrast with the slow standing start of English runners.

Although Harvard and Yale defeated Oxford and Cambridge in 1904, the English athletes are apparently not anxious for revenge—the non-appearance of a challenge proving either their acceptance of defeat or a biding of time until championship material is developed.

Harold P. Stuffer

SOME PHOTO-DRAWINGS

BY L. L. ROUSH

The hard and fast line which once divided the photographer's domain from the artist's has long since vanished. Photography has made good its place among the fine arts. In earlier days the uncompromising fidelity of the camera was at once its practical virtue and its artistic disqualification. It had no power of pictorial selection. The superfluous detail was recorded as faithfully as the essential. Art, it was urged by the camera's decriers, was nature seen through a personality, not through a lens. The hosts of workers who in recent years have found in the camera a means of artistic expression have removed that reproach. They have shown that in intelligent hands it may be as flexible an instrument as the brush. The rapid advance in technical processes has made it possible to suppress or emphasize detail at will. In portrait work the favorite device has been to subdue the light and make the image fade into the background. The objection to this method is the excessive darkness of the print. A New York artist, Mr. L. L. Roush, who was well-known as a magazine illustrator before becoming a convert to the camera, has for some time been working in the opposite direction. He uses his brush and pencil on both negative and print in such a way as to subordinate all but the face of the sitter. Emphasis is thus concentrated on the face, while the danger of ultra-obscurity involved in the usual method is avoided.



ELIHU ROOT

From photo-drawing by L. L. Roush



From photo-drawing by L. L. Roush

MISS HELEN HALE



From photo-drawing by L. L. Roush

MISS ZAIDA BEN-YUSUF



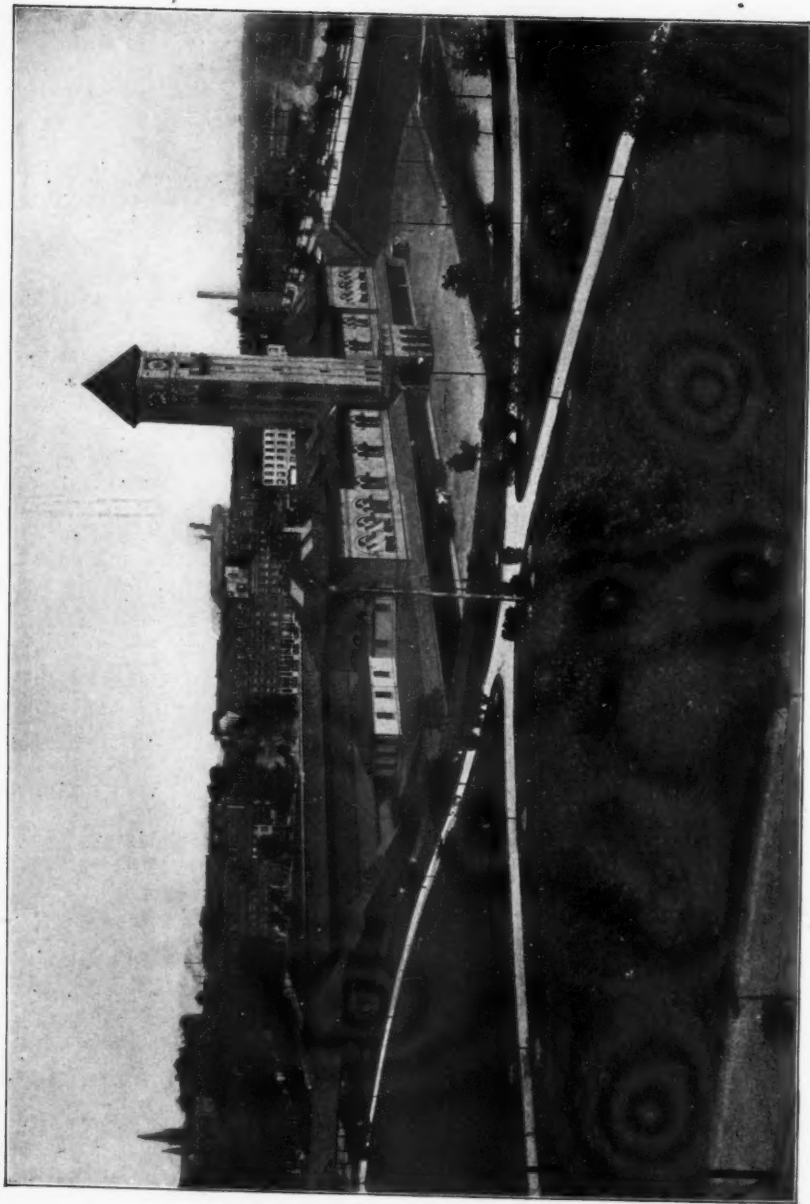
From photo drawing by L. L. Roush

MISS AMELIA BINGHAM



From photo-drawing by L. L. Roush

MISS CAROLYN WELLS



AN OBJECT-LESSON IN STATION IMPROVEMENT

In the heart of a residence district of Baltimore. As the site of this station was formerly a refuse-strewn depression, the picture illustrates the practical as well as esthetic possibilities of the new movement.

RAILROAD LANDSCAPE GARDENING

BEAUTIFYING THE RIGHT OF WAY

For some time energetic persons have been interested in making the City Beautiful; and today the Railroad Beautiful is beginning to loom on the horizon, with the possibility that bare tracks and uninviting waiting-rooms will disappear. A stranger's first impression of a city is gained from the railway station at which he alights, and from its environment. Too often he has traveled over a black and cindery course and arrived at a wooden structure absolutely devoid of architectural beauty, and surrounded with a dreary expanse of uncultivated ground. That the beautification of a railroad, where it traverses a city and its suburbs, should be considered the duty of the management just as much as the care of its "rolling-stock" may at first sight seem the dream of an idealist; but in specific cases this has been shown to be a paying investment.

The movement to improve esthetically the appearance of the right of way and to beautify stations and their surroundings has made almost as rapid progress with us in recent years as have the forward movements for village improvement. All of the expenditures are on a strictly business basis. It pays to have a line of track bordered with well kept grass, for it rests the eyes of the passengers. It pays to erect up-to-date stations and waiting-rooms beautiful from an architectural and esthetic point of view, and to improve the grounds around them with trees, shrubs and flowers. The passenger is apt to choose that route again when traveling, and to recall the beauty of the roadside as part of the pleasure of the trip. Perhaps railroads are not such "soulless

corporations" after all. At any rate, the public pleasure is now ministered to in a marked degree.

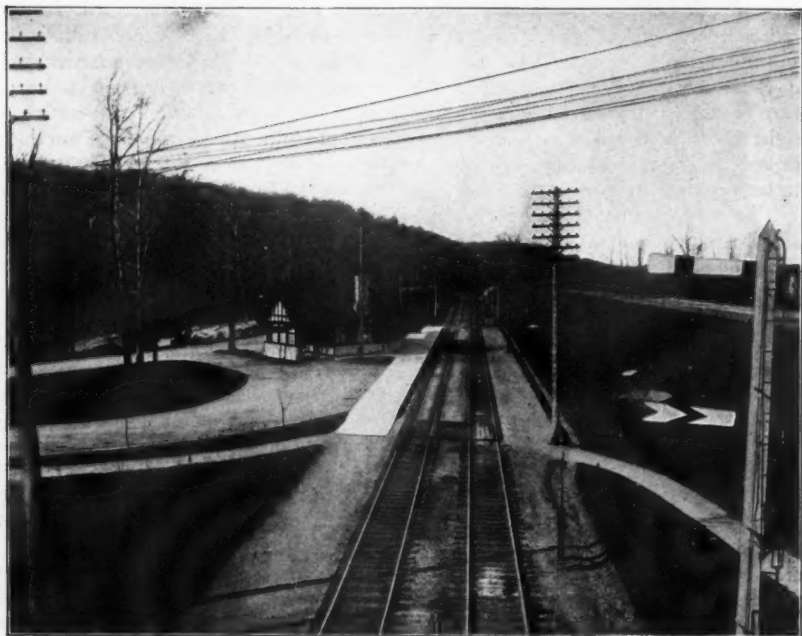
Money is required for this, it is true; yet a station need not possess the magnificence of the New York and St. Louis structures to be beautiful. Many a simple building wreathed in vines and surrounded with grass has remained in the traveler's memory as indicative of the pleasure experienced in traveling over a certain road; and often a road has gained patronage simply by a little effort on the part of the directors to see that its line has been beautified. Instead of considering this a Utopian dream or the fad of an idealist, prominent railroads feel that they need their landscape architect almost as much as their engineer of maintenance of way. Something is being done to counteract the indifference to artistic effect manifested in so many cases by American railroads, and those who travel extensively are impressed with the growing attention paid by certain roads to this improvement.

By an odd coincidence three railroads in this country started to improve their grounds at about the same time, and each can claim the honor of being the pioneer in the movement. The Pennsylvania, the Old Colony System, and the Boston and Albany developed excellent plans of a somewhat conventional style, but the Old Colony only to a limited extent. Converting unattractive railroad grounds into pretty parks and lovely lawns was first undertaken for the Pennsylvania Railroad by Superintendent A. B. Starr, who was anxious to beautify the right of way. Noticing that Agent R. W. Hutchinson of Jack's Run

station had done this to the grounds around his little depot, Mr. Starr wisely concluded that a man who showed such taste and had ambition to improve his company's property was the man to become superintendent of parks. This was fourteen years ago. Today, as head of all the floral work done on this great system, Mr. Hutchinson has transformed barren ground into grassy slopes and has caused sodded banks to take the place of rocky side-cuts. The propagating houses for this vast work are at Sewickley station, and here are raised thousands of plants for the Pennsylvania, Fort Wayne, and Pan-Handle routes. Mr. Hutchinson has the co-operation of the engineer of maintenance; and from the modest beginning at Jack's Run the floral plans have increased so that every station is considered worthy of recognition. A corps of men is busy keeping grass and

shrubbery in good condition and laying out beds in decorative designs. At many stations the name appears in variegated plants; and unique designs, such as the Stars and Stripes in their true colors, greet the eyes of passengers.

Fortunately for the public, when the Boston and Albany Railroad started to give attention to beautifying surroundings, it decided to carry out the unique feature of the so-called Newton Circuit, a short strip of roadway, pretty and clean, which circles Boston, stopping at twenty or more stations so near together that there is often only a mile between. This affords a picturesque view of rolling country and little towns noted for their attractiveness. The story of ornamenting this strip of road is interesting as showing how one man can keep the wheel in motion until a whole corporation becomes interested. A number of years ago E. A. Rich-



AN EFFECTIVE TREATMENT OF SUBURBAN STATION GROUNDS
Showing the attractive appearance of a New York station in winter

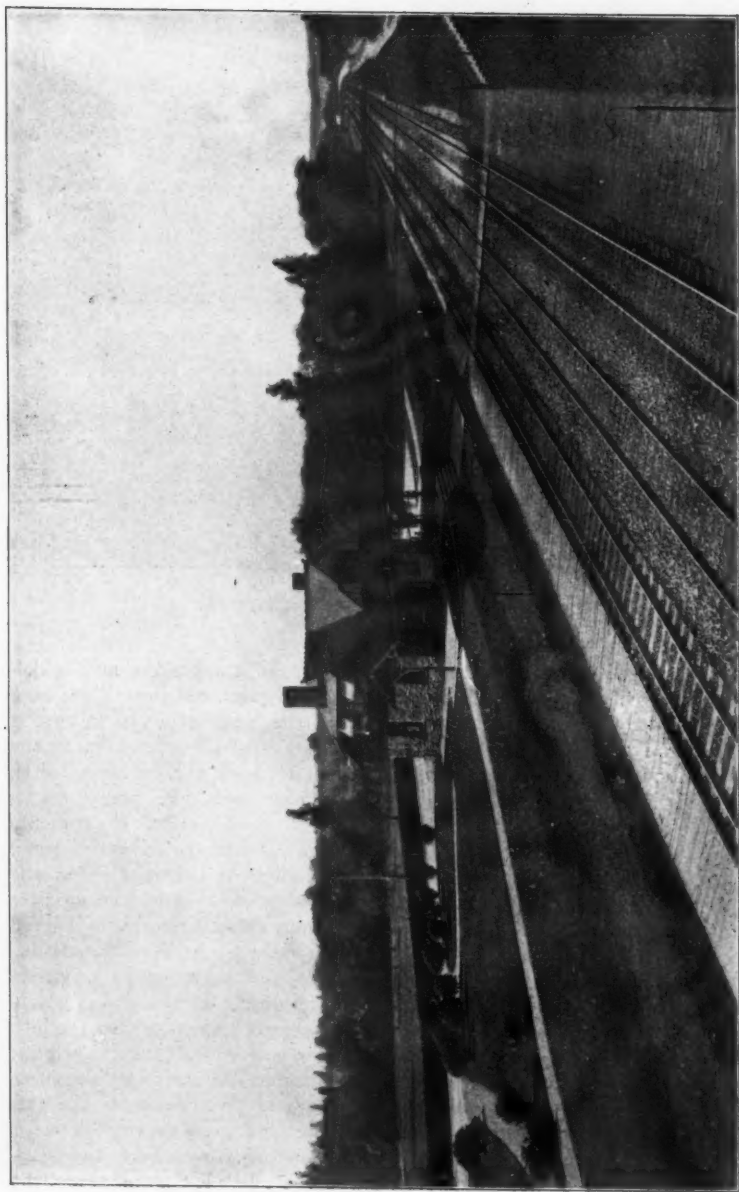


A STATION PARK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ardson was baggage-master in the little station at Newtonville. He loved flowers, and he decided to make his station attractive. The assistant engineer of the road furnished him with loam and sod. Professor Charles S. Sargent, an officer of the road and director of the Arnold Arboretum, became interested; and in this way the idea of improving the whole length of the road took shape. As Richardson, the architect, had recently designed new station buildings, it was decided that barren station yards should become a thing of the past. Soon Frederick Law Olmsted was engaged to prepare plans for the grounds, the Newtonville baggage-master was promoted to the position of superintendent of grounds, and the present attractive railroad circuit took form.

A trip on this road discloses many beauties; the very telegraph poles are hidden with vines and shrubbery, tall

trees line the track sides, and bridal-wreath, wild-roses, and shrubs blooming most of the year give charm to the whole length of road-bed. Some of the stations have park-like entrances, with stone arches stretching over the carriage drives. No bill-boards or advertisements are allowed to mar the view, wide stretches of sumac gladden the eye in places, and little stations peer out suddenly from concealment behind beautiful bushes. At Woodlands a little pond is on the company's property, and the treatment of this shows how a skilful system of gardening may produce beauty the year round, even in winter. One station is covered with Japanese ivy, clumps of syringa border the carriage drive, and even the tool-house is hidden in foliage. Seen from a car-window the effect is charming, and the idea has been so successful that other roads have patterned after it.



A TRIUMPH IN RAILROAD GARDENING

In this well planned station even the steel rails blend harmoniously with the landscape.

Another road noted for its beautiful station grounds is the Boston and Maine. This railroad has adopted the unique idea of an annual floral competition among its station agents, and both public and agents are deriving benefit from it. On the one hand the competition results in an outdoor display pleasing to the eye and artistic sense, and on the other it awakens a healthful spirit of rivalry and stimulates a love for the beautiful. Every division of the system and every branch is represented in the competition, and many States are interested in the prizes. An examining committee, selected by the management, travels many miles, considers fully many fine points in connection with the comparative merits of the displays, and discharges responsibilities almost as important as those waiting upon more serious affairs in life. Seven prizes are given,

ranging from fifty to five dollars; hundreds of stations receive yearly the sixth and seventh numbers, and the list of those that receive the larger prizes is too long to mention. Waltham and Arlington, both in Massachusetts, have won the first prizes several times. The displays in many cases are banks four hundred feet long near the station buildings, which are treated with cannas, dahlias, sun-flowers, and other appropriate plants; while near the buildings proper are conventional designs of verbenas, cannas, and castor-bean plants. Other displays which provoke admiration in passengers are well groomed lawns bordered with cannas and zinnias, triangular flower-beds, bow-knot beds of asters, and star-shaped beds. Prettiness of all are the salvia-lined driveways and the neatly kept name of the station done in flowers. At Lynn a magnificent cataract of ivy falls over a granite retaining wall, a delight to all who pass that way.

Inspired by these prominent examples, other roads are taking up the work. One road in Indiana is improving its whole length and removing fences. The Pere Marquette road has finely decorated station grounds; and the Grand Trunk has many a pretty vine-covered station in Canada. The Michigan Central has its own greenhouses at Niles, Michigan, and each passenger is presented with a flower as

the train goes through the place. This road also gives prizes to station agents; and one of the most complex floral pieces ever constructed at any station grounds was designed in the form of a huge battle-



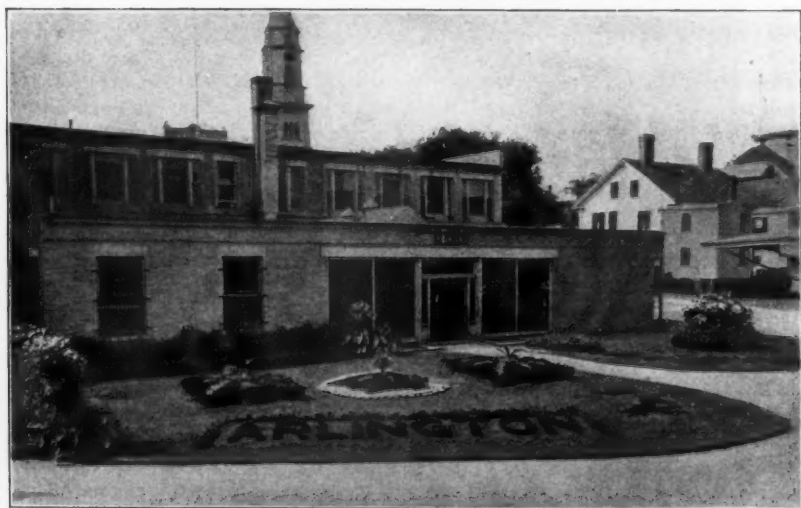
ONE OF MANY CONVENTIONAL DESIGNS

ship representing the *Maine*, made in thousands of hen-and-chickens. The Chicago and Northwestern line does much work at suburban stations, using perennials, bushes, shrubs, and vines, in preference to plants which have to be taken up or sown yearly.

The advantage of using hardy shrubs and vines which require no transplanting is apparent, and this method has been generally adopted by railroads which have recently started the work under the direction of a landscape artist. The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul has within a few years made parks and planted shrubbery at many of its stations. Some years ago this road set out rows of evergreen for wind-breaks in unsheltered places. They

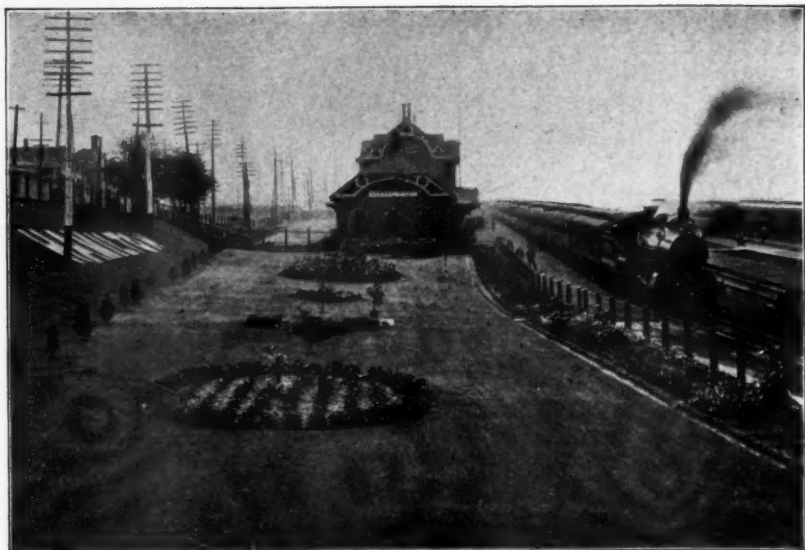


A TYPICAL STATION IN THE MIDDLE WEST

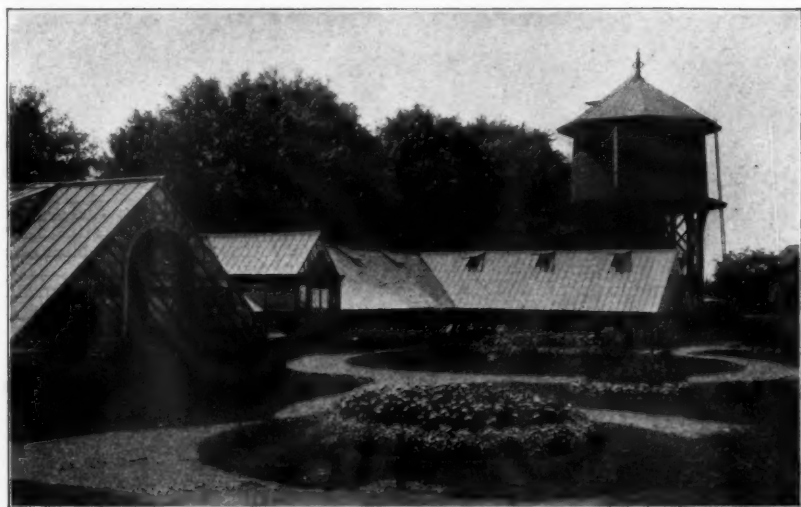


A NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD GARDEN

This station has frequently taken the first prize in the floral competitions of the road.



A CANADIAN EXAMPLE OF STATION IMPROVEMENT



RAILWAY GREENHOUSES AT MENTOR, OHIO

From these houses the stations of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad are supplied with shrubs and plants.



A RAILROAD GARDEN IN THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIES

serve that purpose today, besides adding picturesqueness to the roadside. Quite as interesting is the work of the Chicago and Alton, which recently placed the planting of fifty or more station grounds in the hands of a landscape architect. Special attention has been paid to the grouping of structures and their colors. Among other roads that have become inspired with higher ideals as regards stations are the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and the Northern

the original plan of appointing an industrial agent. Among the suggestions, it was proposed to form a village improvement association in each city and hamlet along the route and to make object-lessons of their station grounds. Mrs. Eugenia B. Heard was invited to visit all of the towns and organize associations. A woman of prominence, whose home is at Rose Hill, Middletown, Georgia, the headquarters for the traveling libraries this road sends out, she acceded to the request; soon whitewash



ATTRACTIVE STATION SURROUNDINGS AT NEW ORLEANS

Pacific. Where efforts have been expended on their grounds, the general idea has been to combine utility with beauty, to give prominence to the station proper, and to shield the other buildings with banks of shrubbery and foliage. These roads have erected some handsome and artistic buildings.

Turning again to the Atlantic coast we find the Seaboard Air Line which runs from Portsmouth, Virginia, to Atlanta, Georgia. A few years ago this road changed hands. The new management, in order to attract people to the pine regions along its line, devised

decorated fences, trees, and buildings along the route. The road started one hundred agricultural farms and put men from agricultural colleges at their head, these farms being for the benefit of the farmers, with no money accruing to the road. It introduced twelve cars which it called "schools on wheels." These are sent out with twelve instructors, who stop at all the stations to teach the people in all useful arts, from handling improved dairy apparatus and using road rollers to cooking bread and fancy dishes.

The road carries many passengers to



A SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE STATION APPROACH

and from the South. As a result of the management's endeavors they look out of the car-windows upon green grass bordering the road-bed, they stop at pretty stations surrounded with flowers and shrubs, they travel past farms kept by thrifty owners, and through villages where streets are clean. The vim and vigor of station agents along this line are also worthy of recording. For example, the agent at East Arcadia, a village of a little over one hundred inhabitants, not only finds time to act as librarian, ticket agent, freight and express agent, but she keeps such a pretty garden that several times she has won valuable prizes from the road.

The station-adornment idea deserves the hearty encouragement of all who believe in the inspiration of the beautiful in life. Persons who travel extensively greet with pleasure the delightful oases which serve to relieve the somberness that must of necessity mark the surroundings of the average station. To look out on redbuds, dogwoods, crab-apples, catalpas, tulips, magnolias, evergreens, fruit and nut-trees in foliage or in bloom makes a restful break in a railway journey which at best must be somewhat tedious to most of the railroad's patrons. The floral attractions

soothe the mind of the traveler and put to shame the vulgar and hideous advertisements with which so many fences and buildings are disfigured. Much of this flower work is done for the love of it, not from the desire to win prizes. Even in large and busy stations, where there is little opportunity to grow flowers and shrubs, something has been accomplished in toning down the severity of the surroundings. There are cases where simple squares of green turf preach more eloquently the gospel of the beautiful than the far more elaborate and gorgeous display in the gardens of millionaires.

This railroad work is doing great good in elevating the public taste, setting higher standards for environment, and advertising communities to which the railroad is the doorway. While the material benefits are many, it is of greater importance that the face of the country is changed, traveling becomes a pleasure, good impressions are carried to other shores, and our whole country assumes a new beauty to the dweller and the stranger who tarries within our gates.

Katherine Louise Smith

THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE

BY W. BOB HOLLAND

Nearly the whole town had assembled to watch the final struggle for the life of John Freeman. He was on trial for the murder of Cyrus Maxwell, and all of the evidence had been heard.

The prosecution had established a strong circumstantial case—there was no direct evidence of the prisoner's guilt.

"Cyrus Maxwell is dead," asserted one citizen, "and some one killed him. If John Freeman didn't do it, who did? Tell me that."

No one could tell, and the belief was general that Freeman would be convicted. He said that he had no money; and a young attorney who felt little interest in the case had been appointed to defend him.

A few days before the trial a stranger appeared, had a consultation with the prisoner, and later met the prisoner's counsel. The announcement was then made that the newcomer was an attorney and would be associated with the defense. But during the trial the two attorneys did little, and the cross-examinations of the State's witnesses were perfunctory. The strange attorney took no part in them and paid but little attention to the trial.

The prisoner was a young man and comparatively a stranger. The man he was accused of slaying was not regarded as a particularly desirable citizen; if a plea of self-defense had been made and had been fairly well established, the community would have been glad if John Freeman had been set free. But the defense was an alibi, the most dangerous defense that can be made when it is not clearly proven; and John Freeman did not prove a complete alibi.

Few witnesses were examined for the defense; then the strange attorney arose to make a plea for the prisoner. He was tall and dignified. His smooth-shaven face was lean and his eyes were sharp. Pictures of such a face may be found hanging on the walls of many a State capitol in the South. His hair was white and long and as fine as silk. His frock-coat was buttoned tightly around his slender form and a black string tie was knotted around his tall collar.

The attorney paid no attention to the jury. He addressed the Court and said a few words that were scarcely audible to those in the jury box, and which were entirely lost on the spectators that crowded the court-room. Then he turned to the prisoner, gazed for a moment on the young man, and said:

"John, my boy, you must die. You must leave the world in which you have spent only your youth, and must go to another world about which we have all surmised much but of which we know little. And you must die by hanging.

"You must die the death of a felon in the manner prescribed by the statute. But it will be through no fault of yours and through no fault of the Judge or jury. And it is no fault of the law. The law of this great Commonwealth is all right, John, though you die innocent.

"The law may sometimes expose perjury, but it cannot always reach the man who swears falsely. It cannot always take into account the mistakes of human judgment, to say nothing of the deliberate falsifier who wants to swear away another man's life. Judges and juries have not the power of Almighty

God, though they sometimes exercise his authority.

"The human mind cannot look down into the hearts and minds of men and see the malice, hate, vindictiveness, and private purposes that will twist and color facts until they seem to mean something entirely different from what they do mean.

"But it is too late to change all that. We can't help it now; and you must die as you have lived, a brave man.

"I know that you will do that. You come of a race of brave men and brave women. You will go to your death as uncomplainingly as ever a man accepted the cards that fate dealt to him. Your mother, when she was a bride and yet in her teens, carried from a bloody battlefield the bleeding, senseless form of your father, shot down on the plantation where he was born. And as she carried her loved one to the shelter of the old brick house in which you later first saw the light of day, bullets and shells whistled around her and the shrieks of the wounded and dying filled the air.

"Your father recovered, and for many years he repaid by his tender devotion the bravery of that loving wife. We laid his maimed body to rest only last week, John. He is sleeping with his forebears in the little cemetery you remember so well, and in which I promise that you shall rest. You have lived and will die among strangers, John, but your body will then lie among your kinsmen, by the side of that father and mother who loved you so well.

"But this case does not end here, John. There is another world and another Judge. Your parents are there, John, and you will be with them soon. And there this case will be tried again before a Judge who is all-wise and before whom false witnesses are stricken dumb. Your father and mother will attend that trial; and when the final verdict is rendered, they will know that their confidence in their boy has not been

misplaced, and that when tried before a Judge who needs not the aid of counsel or jury the verdict will be 'Not Guilty.'"

The tall lawyer stepped in front of the prisoner, who was sobbing audibly, took both of his hands and held them for a moment while he gazed at the tear-stained face. Then he stooped and kissed the prisoner twice on the forehead as he said in a low voice: "We can wait for that day. So, goodbye, John, my boy."

The lawyer sat down beside the prisoner, holding one of his hands. The prosecuting attorney arose, cleared his throat, and began his speech. He did not talk long, and he closed with a request that the members of the jury do their duty. The Judge's charge was scattering and disconnected, and the jury paid little attention to it.

The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty" within ten minutes, and fifteen minutes later the acquitted man was in a room in the hotel with the gray-haired lawyer.

"Your father," said the lawyer, "has settled with me. And he gave me five hundred dollars which I am to hand to you with the understanding that you leave the United States at once. He says that he has helped you out of trouble the last time he will, but that if you will go to Australia, South America, Africa, or China, you will receive through me two hundred dollars every three months.

"But he also says that if you ever communicate with him directly, or write to your mother, he will cut off the allowance. And I guess you and I both know him well enough to know that he will do as he says.

"You will go to South Africa? Well, I think that is best. Let me know your address and I will see that drafts are mailed to you regularly. No, I don't think I want to shake hands with you. I am too good a friend of your father's to be friendly with you."

IMRI—I. D. B.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS

BY EDWIN WARREN GUYOL

Imri rode up the sun, worrying and beating his ponies along the trail until he reached the crest of the swell. There he dismounted and examined the broken horizon-line through field-glasses. Swarms of tsetses, the South African flies whose bite is so fatal to animals not seasoned to the climate, buzzed around the man and horses, causing an occasional growl from the one, and many an angry stamp of hoof or switch of tail from the others.

After a short scrutiny Imri picked out five horsemen silhouetted sharply against the background of cloudless sky. Plainly as he could see the newcomers, he himself would not be distinguishable to them for another half-hour, as the sun was beating directly in their eyes when they attempted to look in his direction, a little factor upon which he had that morning based his selection of a course across the veldt. From his anxiety to hold this advantage it may be inferred that Imri was not desirous of being the observed of any one who might be following in his ponies' hoof-prints; also that he had a fairly accurate idea as to whom he might expect to find when he unslung and trained his glasses.

Both surmises are correct. As soon as the five men rode into range he recognized them, snapped the glasses into their case, jumped to his saddle, and began urging his almost foundered ponies in the direction of an old deserted sheep corral. Arrived there, he stopped, removed saddles and packs from the backs of his steaming animals, and set

about making camp for the night in a thorough, concentrated manner, as if he could have had no other thought or purpose in life.

In appearance Imri was as remarkable as his calm demeanor and behavior must have seemed to any one familiar with the details of what had sent him to this particular section of the veldt a short distance in advance of the five men who were now rapidly drawing near the same crest that he had just ascended. Tall and muscular, he was a specimen of the ruggedness that is developed to perfection by the hard life of the plainsman. His black curling hair, arched black brows, keen eyes, and fiercely aquiline nose betokened Hebraic ancestry; while the dull bronze skin and thick lips testified to the Kaffir who had a share in sending him into the world. He was a Cape Colony half-breed, and like half-breeds the world over had inherited many of the least desirable characteristics of both parents. Therefore, he quite naturally masqueraded as a peddler of trinkets, cheap jewelry, and other notions, as a cloak to his real profession, which was that of an I. D. B.

The I. D. B.—which is to say the Illicit Diamond Buyer—exists only in South Africa, where any one having in his possession a diamond must also be prepared to display the government's certificate that it was honestly come by. Kaffir laborers in the diamond mines are such deft thieves that in spite of every precaution on the part of foremen and superintendents they manage to

carry away a great number of stones every year; these are bought up by the Illicit Diamond Buyers who occasionally fail to smuggle them out of the country.

Imri piled saddles and packs together in a heap, carefully spread a poncho over them, arranged hobbles on two of the ponies, and turned them loose to graze. Then he did something that was of itself most surprising, as there was no apparent reason for doing it; nor would it have been possible for the uninitiated to form a conjecture that would have even faintly approximated a logical explanation.

The third pony was picketed a few feet from the spot around which the I. D. B. had heaped his goods; Imri walked over to him, carrying a shotgun into which he slipped a buckshot cartridge. Examining the animal closely, the man stepped back about ten feet, raised the gun, and fired. The entire charge was blown into the heart of the pony, which fell over dead. Imri gave the carcass no more than one look; then in a most leisurely manner he set about preparing supper.

When Denby, lieutenant of the frontier mounted police, with four of his men, rode up to Imri's camp, he felt that he was within reaching distance of evidence that would enable him to arrest and convict the wildest and most dangerous I. D. B. known to the authorities.

Denby had kept unremittent watch on Imri throughout the last two weeks that he had spent in Kimberley, and was certain that the alleged peddler had at the moment in his possession some eight or ten diamonds that were unaccompanied by the saving certificates of legitimate purchase. True enough, the half-breed at the very last had succeeded in evading him in some still unexplained manner, and no one knew just where he had been for twenty-four hours prior to his departure. But he was here at any rate; and Denby had almost

conclusive proof that certain stolen stones had fallen into the hands of Kafir Pete, who had been followed by one of Denby's men into Imri's room just before midnight of the Tuesday preceding the latter's disappearance. A full day's start the half-breed had obtained before Denby learned positively that he had left Kimberley, headed in a westerly direction, toward Griqua Town; and it was at the close of their second day on the trail that the mounted police rode into the camp of the I. D. B., confident of returning with their man and his plunder.

"Well, Imri," was Denby's greeting, "you didn't get away with the shiners, after all. I came near losing you this trip, but I expect 'twas a good thing for me that you slipped me. Now I've got you with the goods on, and I'll make you sweat for the chases you've led me in the last two years. You're under arrest. If you'll be decent about it I won't put the irons on, but if you try any monkey-tricks it won't be so comfortable for you. What do you say to that? Is it a go?"

Imri laughed back: "All right, Denby; but don't be too confident that I've got what you want, 'cause you may be disappointed. I can't make you fellows let me alone and believe that I ain't no I. D. B. Some day you'll see what foolishness you've been wastin' time on, and you'll leave me go about my business without your everlastin' interference. Now, it's too dark for you to do any good tonight, so you might as well let the business go till mornin'. Hobble your ponies and help me get supper, and in the mornin' you can go through me with your usual thoroughness, with the usual result. I tell you as I've always told you, I ain't got no diamonds, never did have none, and ain't never goin' to have any."

After supper the men sat around the fire and talked of everything under the sun except the work that had brought them together. That by tacit consent

was ignored; so they told yarns of the veldt, joked and laughed with the perfect understanding that comes only through long experience. The freemasonry apparent would have surprised and mystified an onlooker knowing only the facts, yet otherwise unfamiliar with the rude sort of honor that recognizes as legitimate all attempts to outwit the law, but prohibits any violation of confidence reposed in one by the man hired to represent that law. Once Denby glanced inquiringly from the dead pony to Imri, and the latter instantly volunteered:

"Going mad from tsetse bites, and I had to shoot him."

With that exception there was no reference, direct or otherwise, to anything that might have been construed into a personality.

When daylight awoke them Denby and his men set about the search of Imri's belongings. In his packs they found the assortment of stuff that usually goes to make up the stock-in-trade of the itinerant Cape peddler, but no diamonds. Careful examination of the half-breed's saddle-bags and coverings revealed nothing in the nature of evidence that he was actually engaged in the purchase and disposal of illegally acquired stones. Every scrap of his clothing and equipment was searched; he himself was compelled to remove all of his clothing—to no effect. His shock hair and tangled beard were subjected to scrutiny that revealed nothing in the way of contraband diamonds. Every spot around the camp that might have been utilized as a hiding-place was pried into by Denby and his men, who even scattered and examined the ashes of the camp-fire. When all crevices in the walls of the corral had been searched, Denby said:

"I must say, Imri, it certainly does beat me how you do it. Here we are, as we've been ten times before—certain that you've got the goods somewheres in reach, but not able to find

'em and send you down for the years that you deserve. I know that certain stolen stones found their way to Kaffir Pete; I know that Kaffir Pete was in your room last Tuesday night, although you were not supposed to be there; I know that when we pinched Pete in your room he didn't have a single one of them, and that you could not be found anywhere in Kimberley; I know that you were in town for two days after that, although we couldn't locate you; I'm sure you didn't leave those shiners anywhere between Kimberley and here, 'cause there wasn't a place in which you could have cached them; and I know that they are not anywhere about you or your luggage. Blow me if I can make it all out. I do know this much, and that is that I'm not going to lose sight of you for a while yet. You were headed for Griqua Town, and there I'll take you; but I'll have to let you go when we get there unless I can figure out where you put 'em."

At the end of a fifteen-mile trot the party reached Griqua Town. Denby reluctantly released his prisoner, went to a hotel with his men, put his horses up, and started for a stroll around the town. As he walked he pondered the question of the lost diamonds. The more he thought of them the more positive was he that Imri had cleverly duped him by hiding them in some unusual spot. That the half-breed had them he was convinced. But where had he hidden them? At this point in his cogitations he found himself within thirty feet of the subject of his puzzlement, who was chaffering with a horse-dealer; and he was just in time to hear Imri say: "What's the use of arguin'? You ought to know that I ain't no sucker and that you can't sell me a pony that ain't salted. What? You talk like a fool. Think a man like me, that's been born an' grown in this country, buyin' horses since he was no bigger'n a karoo bush, is goin' to invest his tin in a green

horse? No, sir; you can just show me somethin' else."

"Now," thought Denby, passing on, "it strikes me strange that Imri should have said that. And yet I don't know why he shouldn't have. It's true and natural; but there's something funny about it, and I can't say why. Course, if I was buying a pony and a man wanted to sell me something unsalted, I'd probably say just what Imri did. Yet I seem to feel that there is some reason why he wouldn't have said just those words if he had thought I was so close. Let's see: he wants a pony. Why does he get one here when he's going back to Kimberley soon, where they're enough cheaper than they are up here? He had two pack-ponies and a saddler when he started out, and he needs them all, 'cause we had to divide up his second pack among us coming in this morning. Oh, yes! He had to kill his other pony out there at the corral on account of the tsetses! They were pretty bad yesterday, and a green horse stood no show. But see here: how the devil is it that Imri was traveling with an unsalted pony when I just heard him say that he is too old a hand at the game—and I certainly think he is—to be caught doin' anything so foolish? That bally bounder is a wise one when it comes to horses, and I'll be jolly well cussed if I don't believe there's some connection between those diamonds and—oh, the devil!"

Denby rushed away to the hotel, called for a fresh horse "in a hurry," leaped into the saddle, left word for his men to wait for him, made a cautious detour of the town, and headed across the veldt at a gallop. By turns he trotted and galloped his pony, but always he went forward at speed. Swinging in a wide circle, he gradually worked his way around to the trail over which his party had ridden from camp to town that morning.

Half an hour afterward an observer might have seen Imri following the

same course, not knowing that he had a predecessor. On and on they rode, neither aware that he was separated from the other by a matter of only some five miles; each desperately bent on reaching the same point within as short a time as possible. Denby had the advantage because he knew by this time that Imri would return to the camp of the night before as quickly as he could, and that he would travel with greater rapidity should he learn that the lieutenant of police had left Griqua Town suddenly. On the other hand, Imri felt comparatively safe, but did not care to run any great risk of having Denby follow him from town. Therefore, neither gained perceptibly on the other, and Denby was still about half an hour ahead of the half-breed when he arrived at the old corral. Without the loss of a moment he drew his sheath-knife and began probing the gun-shot wound that had caused the death of Imri's pony the preceding day. After three or four minutes of dissection and examination his knife-point struck something hard, whereupon he gave a grunt of satisfaction and ran his hand into the cavity.

When Imri rode his lather-covered horse into the corral Denby arose from his bloody work, held out his open hand, and said with a laugh: "Just too late, you beastly half-breed. Placer-minin' in dead pony-meat ain't pleasant, but it's profitable when you can strike pockets like this one I found with nine big shiners in it! You came pretty near gettin' away with 'em, and I guess you would have made a good stake out of these. Good dodge that, blowin' diamonds into the middle of a pack-pony with a shot-gun, and one that the I. D. B. brotherhood will enjoy hearin' about. But when you try it again, after doin' the time I'm going to get you this trip, don't talk too much with your mouth about your horse-sense. It sometimes creates suspicion in the mind of the casual hearer."

ANOTHER VIEW OF GUAM

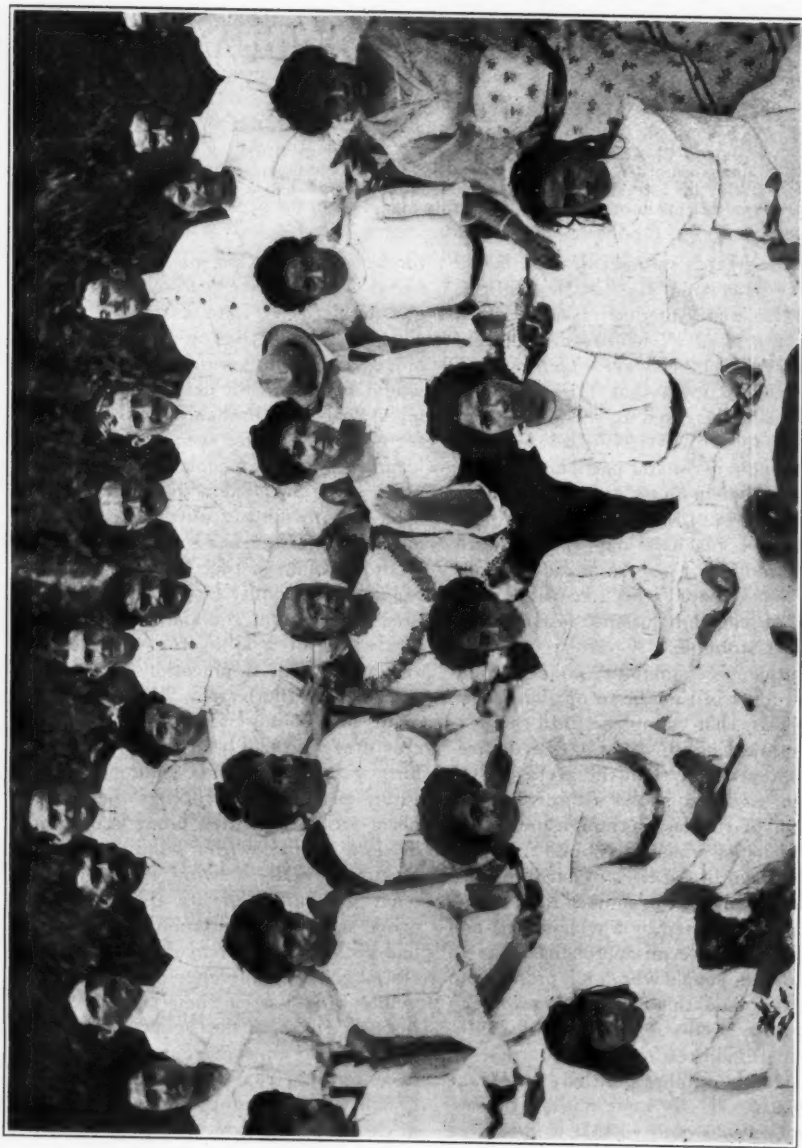
BY SEATON SCHROEDER

[NOTE—Captain Schroeder, U. S. N., was the second Governor of Guam under the American occupation. During his able administration he sought to establish native schools and to promote internal improvements to overcome the regrettable conditions in the neglected island.—EDITOR]

In the March number of The Book-lovers Magazine the article entitled "An Isolated American Island" must have interested all who read it in more than a perfunctory way. Certainly all who have known that little island of Guam are delighted to see its needs so ably set forth by Mr. Willard French's skilful pen. What I particularly desire in this supplementary article is to have the character of the people and the need of school teachers out there rightly understood. The American occupation has created the necessity, *inter alia*, of the inhabitants' learning the English tongue. Court procedures, executive proclamations, police regulations, must in time be in our language; manifestly that cannot be until the people speak English. No one recognizes this more keenly than the average Chamorro, who also shows a shrewd appreciation of the larger though more indirect benefits which are bound to follow in the train of American education.

In presenting this subject I am immediately confronted by a wide-spread and most regrettable misapprehension as to the kind of people whom it is proposed to educate; and this misapprehension can only have been strengthened by an unfortunate illustration in the article in the March number entitled "A Dance of Natives." By some mishap the explanation was omitted that it illustrated a condition now non-existent and not in any sense general at any time. As a matter of positive fact there is not in the island today, and there has not been

for years, a single person of the race or habits or appearance represented in that ghastly picture. I am moved to make the correction by the conviction that the object sought in writing about Guam would be practically defeated by allowing it to pass. Probably no one would see any necessity for sending out American teachers to a people like that, nor even of helping them in other ways—such as providing a pure water-supply and hygienic surroundings. When I went to Guam in 1900, I found a small isolated community of less than a hundred blacks from the Caroline Islands, located about a mile from the capital and eking out a precarious existence from the mother earth. It was the remains of a colony of some six hundred creatures who had been imported about forty years before on a labor contract. From one cause or another they were never returned to their home island but lived on day by day from hand to mouth, shunned by all—a living exposition of what low orders of life are still comprised in the human family. An effort had been made to compel them to wear clothing; but, apprehending that this would only hasten their complete extinction through the agency of pneumonia and consumption, I refrained from pressing that order and contented myself with confining them to the limits of their own "barrio." I soon became convinced, however, that they were really out of place in Guam, and I determined to get rid of them. I must say that I was a little hastened toward this



A SOCIAL GROUP IN AGANA

Some of the men are Americans and some Chamorros. All of the women are Chamorros.

resolution by the curious fact that Americans stopping for a few hours on their way to Manila in the monthly army transports would almost invariably rush out with their kodaks to that Caroline village to gaze upon those unlovely heathen. Forthwith they would send home letters that ignored the real people of the island, and illustrated in a way to make the innocent public understand that the race and prevalent style of dress were as depicted in "A Dance of Natives." The precise state of the case is that in 1900 there were ninety-six of these people in a population of ten thousand; since January, 1901, there have been none, for in that month they were all deported.

The Chamorros are of an entirely different race. The accompanying illustration represents a social group in Agana, the capital, of which some of the men are Americans and some Chamorros; all the women are Chamorros. I feel sure that my good friend, Senora de Calvo, will not be angry with me for mentioning her name as that of the central person of the group. To be sure, all of these are members of well-to-do families, including several friends of my daughters; but they represent the race. In all parts of the island and in all classes niceness and modesty of attire are noticeable. When working in the fields the men are apt to strip to the waist; in general, the *exposé* is no greater than in more highly cultivated societies.

It occurs to me to emphasize one point. This school matter is not only one of the most important questions but it seems the only direction in which aid can be extended to the island by private effort. The physical welfare and religious needs are well looked after. In 1901-02 the inhabitants of Agana built a fine hospital, which they were so good as to name "Maria Schroeder Hospital." Here all manner of patients are admitted without charge, and the naval surgeons of the station attend them without fee, and with devotion and skill

worthy of the highest praise. In some of the outlying towns, also, there are hospital buildings, though the medical attendance is necessarily intermittent. The religion of the entire population is almost exclusively Roman Catholic, and it is impossible not to recognize the great happiness that they have in the exercise of that faith.

The Chamorro children are bright, quick to learn, and ready to adapt themselves to new ideas. I soon noticed that boys in the streets, instead of tossing and matching pennies as of yore, were knocking up a ball in emulation of the seamen and marines of the naval station, or playing "two-old-cat" with a tomato-can and a shovel, if they had nothing better. Apart from the fertility of the youthful mental soil, however, these new wards of ours are deserving of assistance, being respectable, orderly, and peace-loving; and they will repay the best efforts expended on them. Persons of genuine philanthropy have open to them here a practicable field. Out there now are American men and women entirely competent and willing to undertake the work of teaching; and a few are temporarily giving their time and attention to it in return for a miserably inadequate pittance. They and many more should be employed permanently and at a fair salary, but there is not money enough in the island treasury to do this. It must be borne in mind that the Spanish crown defrayed eighty per cent. of the cost of administering the government, including schools; while the American government contributes nothing for the expense of administration and furnishes no assistance to trade. Yet it is our occupation that has created the necessity for the more expensive education.

If the difficulty is not met in one way or another, all hope must be abandoned of fulfilling our moral obligation in this important respect. Governor Dyer is doing great things, but he cannot accomplish the impossible.



Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

This new portrait is from the original painting by Albert Sterner, which was recently exhibited in London.



Swear Off

F. P. A. in The New York Evening Mail

(Senator Wilcox introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor for any one to use improper language over a telephone.)

O, Senator of Albany,
Profanity is something awful.
Are we to call "a big, big D——"
Unlawful?

And when they busy-signal us,
And say: "Too bad—the line is busy,"
Shall it be criminal to cuss
At Lizzie?

But tell us this one thing anent
The bill. Come, there's a lovely fellow.
Will it be wrong thus to accent
The Hello?

A Case of Diplomatic Myopia

The Charleston News and Courier

Many of the papers are now commenting upon the striking similarity between Commissioner Garfield's report on the Beef Trust and the decision of the International Board of Inquiry into the North Sea incident.

Mrs. Humphry Ward

Harper's Weekly

In appearance Mrs. Humphry Ward is described as a tall, graceful figure, with steady, smiling eyes, and dark hair touched with gray waving down each side of an intellectual, attractive face—

which is, however, a little austere. A young American woman who had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Ward said that the distinguished author was not at all like the pictures one usually sees of her, which cannot do justice to an exceedingly agreeable and fresh-colored English face. She said, also, that Mrs. Ward's chief attraction was her delightful manner—a manner which combines graciousness with the dignity of a *grande dame*. She has always been considered a very difficult subject for portrait-painters, but recently Mr. Albert Sterner has drawn a most artistic and satisfactory likeness. The portrait—a reproduction of which appears elsewhere—has vitality and character, and her friends unite in saying that it is the best which has ever been made of her. Mrs. Ward herself was so well pleased with it that she has purchased it for her own house.

American Absolutism

The Saturday Review

No man in his position can help contemplating with envy the free hand allowed a British minister in the manipulation of foreign affairs; but, if not Mr. Roosevelt, then some early successor will find himself no less generously entrusted with the national interests of the United States. The dangers and difficulties inherent in any attempt to conduct complicated negotiations

through representative bodies may any day appear aggressively insistent even to the average American. A business people will quickly appreciate the most businesslike way of conducting public affairs. Hitherto the existing framework has sufficiently served public requirements. The new developments make it quite impossible that they can do so much longer. In spite of all the precautions of the founders of the Constitution, the time is rapidly approaching when in electing the President the people will recognize that they endow him for a season with prerogatives more than regal because he embodies their own absolutism.

The American public will in the end welcome this solution as the British have done, who have slid by almost imperceptible gradations into accepting the rule of a practically despotic ministry for a terminable period. The legislature in both cases becomes a hortatory and minatory, not a governing, body. The people take supreme interest in the character and capacity of their rulers, whom they may accept or reject, but less every day in the inconclusive discussions of elective assemblies.

Rattled

The Strand

To those about to seek admission into holy orders an interview with the ordinary is a time of much anxiety, sometimes of mental confusion.

This, perhaps, accounts for the unusual behavior of a young candidate who, dismissed on the Episcopal doorstep with a solemn "God bless you," hastily answered, "Don't mention it, my lord."

Osleriana

The Baltimore News

Osler, v.—To retire; to be retired. Example: "I am about to Osler." "We have decided to Osler the janitor."

Osler-Trollope, v.—To asphyxiate. Sometimes contracted into O. T. Example: "They took him to the dog pound, where he was scientifically

O. T'd." "I wish somebody would Osler-Trollope Oku."—Famous Sayings of Russian Generals.

Oslerization—The process of applying the Osler. Example: "Your services are no longer required."

Oslerumni—Those who have been Oslered or Oslerized; divided into two classes—the material but declining, and the spiritual and declined.

Osleresque—Having the quality of early retirement; prematurely languid; that tired feeling at 40.

Osleritis—See lazy.

Oslerist—One who is so busy agreeing with the theory of Oslerism that he hasn't time to do anything else before he is up against the Osler-Trollope.

Post-Inaugural

Maurice Morris in The New York Sun

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The cowboys and the clubs depart,
The lights are dead, the banners droop,
The folk return to farm and mart.
The country's normal now—and yet,
Will he forget? Will he forget?

Splendid the triumph, great the prize,
And high the thought of any man
To hear a mighty people call,
To know him chosen for the van.
With praise and pride of place beset,
Will he forget? Will he forget?

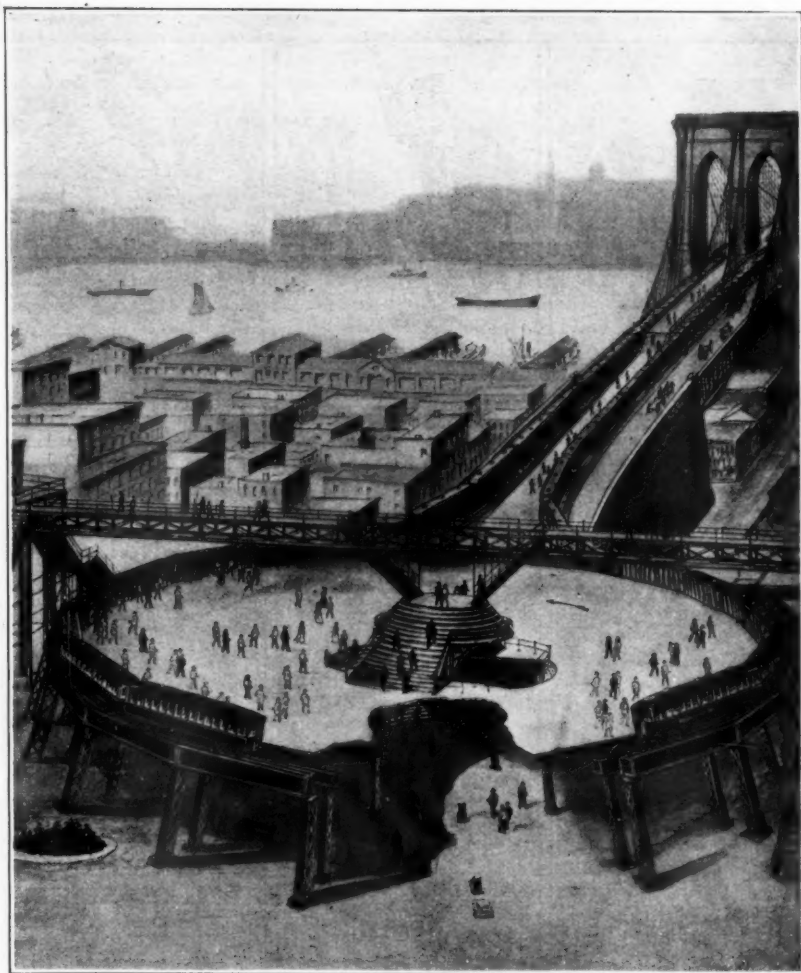
High-hearted, hopeful, sanguine, strong,
Heed ye the lessons on the scroll
Where Washington and Lincoln wrote;
Let sober second thought control.
Tradition for your amulet,
You'll not forget—you'll not forget.

A Unique State Paper

The New York World

Governor Hoch sent a message some time ago to the legislature suggesting that Representative Trigg of Anderson should "set 'em up" for having the same bill passed twice. Senator Waggener thought that "set 'em up" was a queer expression for the Governor of a Prohibition State to use, so he had a resolution adopted asking the Governor to explain. In answer Governor Hoch sent the following explanatory message:

"To the Senate: I am in receipt of Senate resolution No. 40 introduced



The Scientific American

PLAN FOR BROOKLYN BRIDGE TERMINALS

An endless train of light cars lock with the circular terminal platforms which are a series of moving sidewalks. The speed at the center is one mile an hour. The cars move at the rate of twenty miles an hour and run continuously.

by the Senator from Atchison County requesting me to explain what was meant by the term 'Set 'em up' as used in my veto message of Senate bill No. 341. This expression, used playfully and without having any particular meaning and possibly hardly comporting with the dignity of your body, seems

to have caused the emaciated corpse of the Kansas Democracy to take on the semblance of life and sit up and take notice. If the angel Gabriel were to blow a blast on his trumpet the Democratic party would probably sleep on undisturbed; but if he were even to whisper the magic words 'Set 'em up',



He attends to San Domingo.



He hands Mr. Castro a few.



He jumps on the Senate.



He writes on the race question.



He lands on the Standard Oil Co.



He attends a banquet in New York.



He superintends the preparations for inauguration day.



He passes a hot message to the Senate.



He pauses a moment to make plans for a hunting trip.

ONE OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S QUIET DAYS

John T. McCutcheon, the famous cartoonist, pictures in the *Chicago Daily Tribune* the presidential routine on an off day.

the grave of this moribund organization would give up its dead, and from the entire aggregation, headed by the talented and handsome Senator from Atchison, would come the answer in swelling chorus: "We will take the same."

A Confusion of Wives

Leslie's Monthly

Occasionally this excess of wives in Utah leads to amusing consequences, as when one of the apostles invited a visiting gentile to dinner. The guest lost the address, and looked up the apostle in the directory. He observed that his hostess, though she answered to the proper name, seemed unprepared for him, and presently he heard her at the telephone: "Oh, Emma! Is John living at your house this week? Is he expecting somebody to dinner today? Very well. The gentleman will be there in a few minutes." Then, returning to the stranger, she handed him a paper slip. "You came to the wrong house, sir. This is the address you want."

On another occasion a little girl came running into the parlor while a visitor was calling. "Mama, mama, papa wants his suit-case packed. He is going to live with Aunt Emma this week."

An Unwilling Chesterfield

The Tatler

It was a crowded tram-car. Among those who could not find seats was a young lady. Close to where she stood, an old man was sitting. He struggled as if to rise. The young woman cast a glance of scorn at one or two men hiding behind newspapers. "Please don't get up," she said to the old man, "I beg you won't." The conductor rang the bell and the car went on. The old man's features worked convulsively and he mopped his face with his handkerchief. At the next stopping-place he again tried to rise and again the young woman tried to stop him. "I would much rather stand," she said, continuing to block his way. "I don't care whether you would or not," said the old man, crimson with fury, "I

want to get out. You've made me come a half-mile too far already. Here, you, stop the car." But it was too late, the bell had already rung, and he had to wait until the next stopping-place was reached.

A World of Cowards

Robert Hichens in The London Queen

Now and again one meets a mentally fearless person, and it is then that one fully realizes that one lives in a world of cowards. Now and then in the arts arises some one who has no fear, and one stands amazed, fully conscious of the widespread cowardice in literature and in painting. What writer just plainly says that which is in his soul, careless of publishers, critics, public?

Common Sense on the Family Question

The Hartford Times

About all that needs to be said about the size of families in the United States of America at the present time is that if a married woman is fitted, physically and mentally, to have children, she ought to have as many as she wishes to have and no more; and if she has no maternal talent and instinct—which happens very rarely—she ought to have none at all. Children whose coming is undesired by the mother are not a valuable addition to the population of the world. No amount of preaching to adult men and women about the duty of rearing large families will have appreciable influence upon them, nor can it be regarded as necessary.

When we come to talk about duty, there is merely this to be said: the father and mother who send out into the world one physically fit, thoroughly trained, and mentally capable daughter, who becomes naturally and easily the mother of half a dozen healthy and normal children, have done their duty in the world a thousand times better than the father and mother who have added to the population half a dozen physically and mentally imperfect beings, who in turn are likely to be the fathers or

mothers of other beings less perfect than themselves. Quality and not quantity is the all important thing in this business. It is not by raising great families, but by taking better care of all the babies they have than any other nation takes that the Japanese have made themselves invincible.

Gave the Court Notice

The Atlanta Constitution

In a rural justice's court the defendant in a case was sentenced to serve thirty days in jail. He had known the Judge from boyhood, and addressed him as follows:

"Bill, old boy, you're agwine ter send me ter jail, air you?"

"That's what," replied the Judge. "Have you got anything to say ag'in' it?"

"Only this here, Bill. God help you when I git out!"

Harper of Chicago

The Madison State Journal

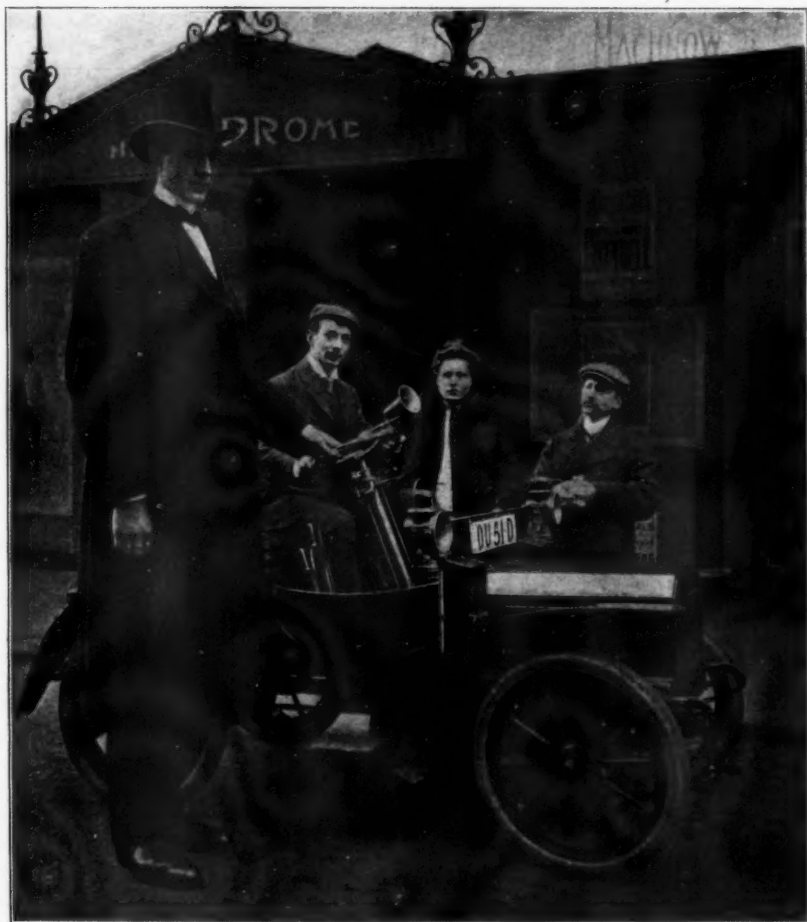
President Harper of Chicago University is a thickset man, with a moon face, smooth shaven, wearing spectacles. His eyes are keen and comprehensive and resourceful. He gives the impression of alertness, there is nothing dependent about him; and no self-made man ever jeered contemptuously "College Professor" as Harper passed by. He is all business, a straightforward, even blunt, man, clear and logical, and free from sentiment.

As a young man he elected scholarship rather than commerce or law; and he threw into the study of Hebrew the same energy and enthusiasm that Charles P. Clark manifested in railroading and Russell Sage in financing. Harper's idea twenty-two years ago, when he was a subordinate on the Yale divinity faculty, was that everybody should study Hebrew, including old ladies with very little schooling; and he had classes at work all over the East, parlor groups even. He had a strong body and was noted even then as a tremendous worker—traveling nights to meet engagements and dictating articles for international magazines on the trains. And he met his classes of theologues as usual.

Of course, such a man was not to work ever in a pent-up Utica. Mr. Rockefeller got hold of Harper and the latter proved equal to the Chicago situation. He was born in a little town in Ohio and graduated from "the small college." He is one of those Middle West men—a new American type, strong in body, sense, and zeal, that students of American trends have too long neglected. This Middle West man is born on a farm and earns his way through college in a printing office, and takes his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins, and adds foreign culture to a knowledge of the soil and an understanding of simple people at the cross-roads, and later he breaks bread with kings. He is the man of today. Harper belongs to this generation, with Albert Shaw and the Finleys and Beveridge and McClure and the others.

As he is today, President Harper embodies the idea of a modern college president—an executive. Whether building a dormitory, or supervising an athletic council, or writing an essay on immortality, his method is the same—quick reasoning from sound premises, a clear, direct conclusion—and a press on the electric button that his secretary may show in the next gentleman. We don't altogether admire the type, or rather we have a sentimental longing for the old college president with his leisurely grace and restful charm and his morning prayers; but Harper lives in Chicago and typifies its spirit. Nor does the type fall short on the spiritual side. The idea of service to his generation has mastered him. This type substitutes character for emotional forms of goodness. He is too busy to be pious. When you ask for his "personal experience," he offers you the conclusions of his laboratories that shall heal the nations, and the uncovered truth of his archæology that shall make men free, and his pupils who are toiling in the slums and sensing the pulse of the child of the tenement as a result of his inspiration—made possible by the pile of stone and mortar and the men whom Harper has induced Rockefeller to sustain.

President Harper has his life organ-



MACHNOW, THE RUSSIAN GIANT AND HIS AUTO

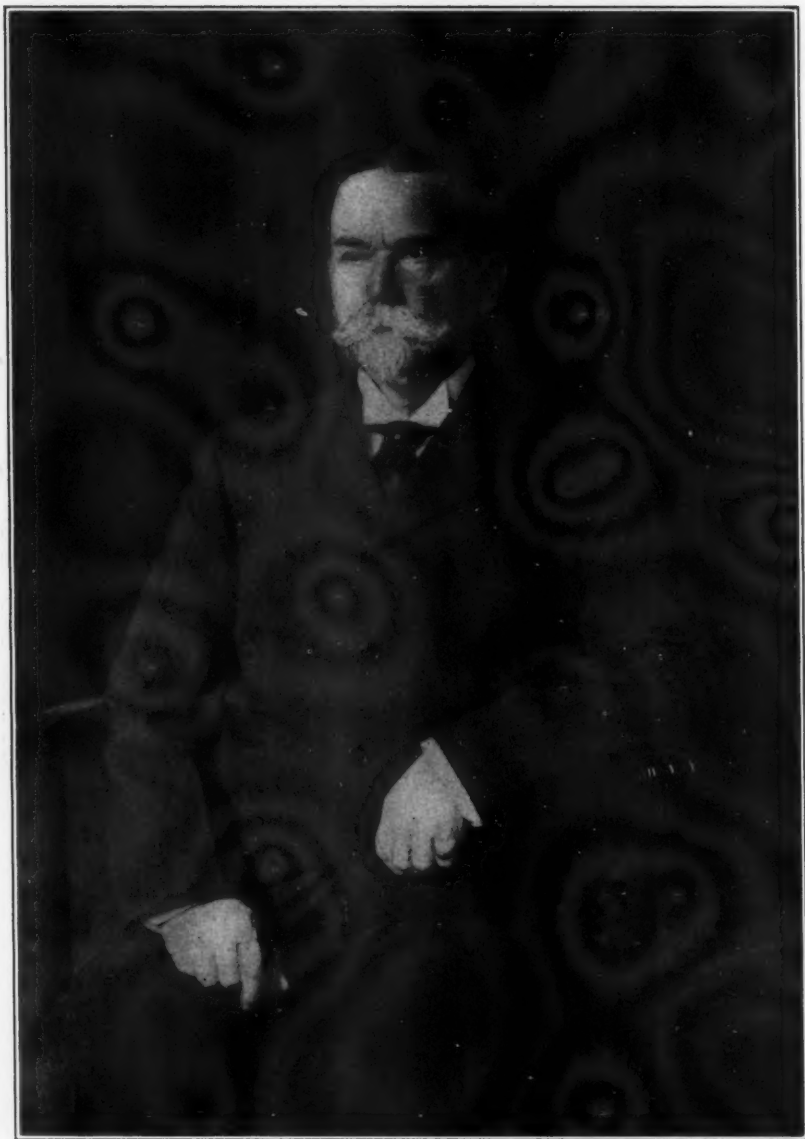
The King

He is twenty-three years of age and stands nine feet three inches high.
His weight is 360 pounds.

ized—no cloistered saint ever more so. He has made his arrangements for Paradise with the same care for details, perfect system, and despatch with which a hundred times he has packed his grip and instructed his deans before taking some "twentieth-century limited" for New York or Berlin or San Francisco, to bring Rockefeller under the spell of personality, or to lay the cornerstone of a library dedicated to Truth, or to instruct the great Baptist denomination on the real significance of the original

phrases that stand for conversion, and what it means to live forever.

A great man—President Harper. He has done in his short life of fifty years what were a credit to a thousand men. Sometimes it seems as if it would be a wiser education that sought to create an occasional individual leader like William R. Harper than to throw it away on generations of triflers and lightweighters to loll away their time and putter and pretend. But he himself thought otherwise.



Copyright, 1905, by Waldon Fawcett

JOHN HAY

The latest portrait of the famous American diplomat

John Hay

The New York Sun

Distinguished Europeans who, traveling through the United States, make a visit to the national Capital ask first for Secretary Hay. They show pride in knowledge of his achievements in the world-wide field of diplomacy. In sudden bursts of enthusiasm they acknowledge that he is the only living American whose fame has spread throughout the length and breadth of their part of the earth.

Mr. Hay is simple in manner, jovial at times, ready to appreciate a good story, and always able to tell one as good or better. Yet the air of dignity is never absent. It is an indefinable something that impresses the observer, even when Mr. Hay is in his most unconventional mood.

He is regarded as the best story-teller of the Cabinet, not because his stories are better or more quaintly narrated than those of Secretary Shaw, for example, but because they are always appropriate and score a point. His sense of the humorous is very greatly developed.

Those who know him well realize that he possesses all the sturdy democracy of the pioneer stock from which he springs. He has many of the characteristics of his great mentor, Lincoln, and they crop out now and then through the man-of-the-world atmosphere which his bearing and manner suggest.

His knowledge is of all things, and even in commonplace conversation he shows a depth of thought and a versatility that make one wonder how he found time to acquire it all. The explanation is simple: a keen observation, a retentive memory, and the studious application of a lifetime to everything of human interest, added to an excellent judgment, have made him what he is.

The keynote of John Hay's character is loyalty. He has never sought to obtain credit for the great results which he has accomplished. Always he has insisted that it was the President who, having the responsibility of the direction, deserved the praise for success. But if mistakes were made, he was ready to assume the blame.

If any international policies of the United States during Mr. Hay's incumbency did not meet with his views, the world has never known it. He has carried out the wishes of the two chiefs of state under whom he served with an enthusiasm that left no doubt of the staunchness of his support.

Clo'-Education

F. P. A. in The New York Evening Globe

Comes Amherst with a mild request
To graduates of that same college
To have in evening raiment dressed
The needy seekers after knowledge.

O, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Wellesley, Smith,
Next you'll be asking your "Pro Bonos"—
Your alma mater's nearest kith—
To send you out some old kimonos.

What the Judge Says Goes!

T. W. Higginson in the Atlantic Monthly

Many are the stories yet told at Oxford of Master Jowett's abrupt and formidable wit. On one occasion, at one of his own dinner parties, when the ladies had retired and a guest began at once upon that vein of indecent talk which is perhaps less infrequent among educated men in England than in America, or is at least more easily tolerated there, Master Jowett is said to have looked sharply toward the offender and to have said with a decisive politeness: "Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-room?" He then rose from his chair, the guests all, of course, following, by which measure the offender was, so to speak, annihilated without discourtesy. They tell, also, at Balliol of a dinner at Master Jowett's table, when the talk ran upon the comparative gifts of two Balliol men who had been respectively made a judge and a bishop. Professor Henry Smith, famous in his day for his brilliance, pronounced the bishop to be the greater man of the two for this reason: "A judge, at the most, can only say 'You be hanged,' whereas a bishop can say 'You be damned.'" "Yes," said Master Jowett, "but if the judge says 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

Just Like Common People

The Columbia State

According to Commissioner Garfield's report the beef trust has barely been able to make ends meet. The sympathy of the American people goes out to the dear thing.

A New Style of Stove

The Scientific American

A new type of stove, the object of which is the abolition of smoke no matter what fuel is employed, has been demonstrated in London. The invention comprises a screen of tubular fire bricks, made of special material built up in the furnace in such a position that all the products of the fire pass through the screen. The latter quickly becomes incandescent, and flashes the gases as they pass through, thus preventing the formation of carbon. By the aid of this device coal of the worst description can be burnt in the ordinary boiler with practically no smoke and with a considerable saving in cost. For the purposes of demonstration cheap, damp coal dust was burned. The only result was a light gray cloud at the top of the chimney stack, which cleared away in a few seconds.

Crumbs from the Hyde Table

The Chicago Record-Herald

That \$100,000 dinner may serve to give a lot of people a chance to find out why it is so hard for them to keep up the premiums on their policies.

What's in a Name?

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer

At Montreal the advertising manager of the Canadian Pacific is a man named Ham, and the city ticket office is in charge of a man named Egg. The two are fast friends, and if both happen to be out of town at once, inquiries for Ham and Egg are frequent. By a coincidence both report to an official named Bacon, whose chief clerk is named Brown. Recently Ham and Egg were both in Bacon's office. The telephone rang and Brown answered.

He caught an inquiry for the Canadian Pacific office, and said:

"This is it."

"Who's this talking?" asked the voice.

"This is Brown. Do you want Bacon?"

"No, I don't want bacon, brown or any other way. I want one of the Canadian Pacific officials."

"Well, will Ham and Egg do? They're both here."

"I don't want any of them! Central, switch that cheap hash-house off this wire!"

A Tip to John D.

Puck

Mr. Rockefeller ordered repairs to a Lakewood church because water leaked in freely. He might order repairs to Wall Street for the same reason.

Weary of Expositions

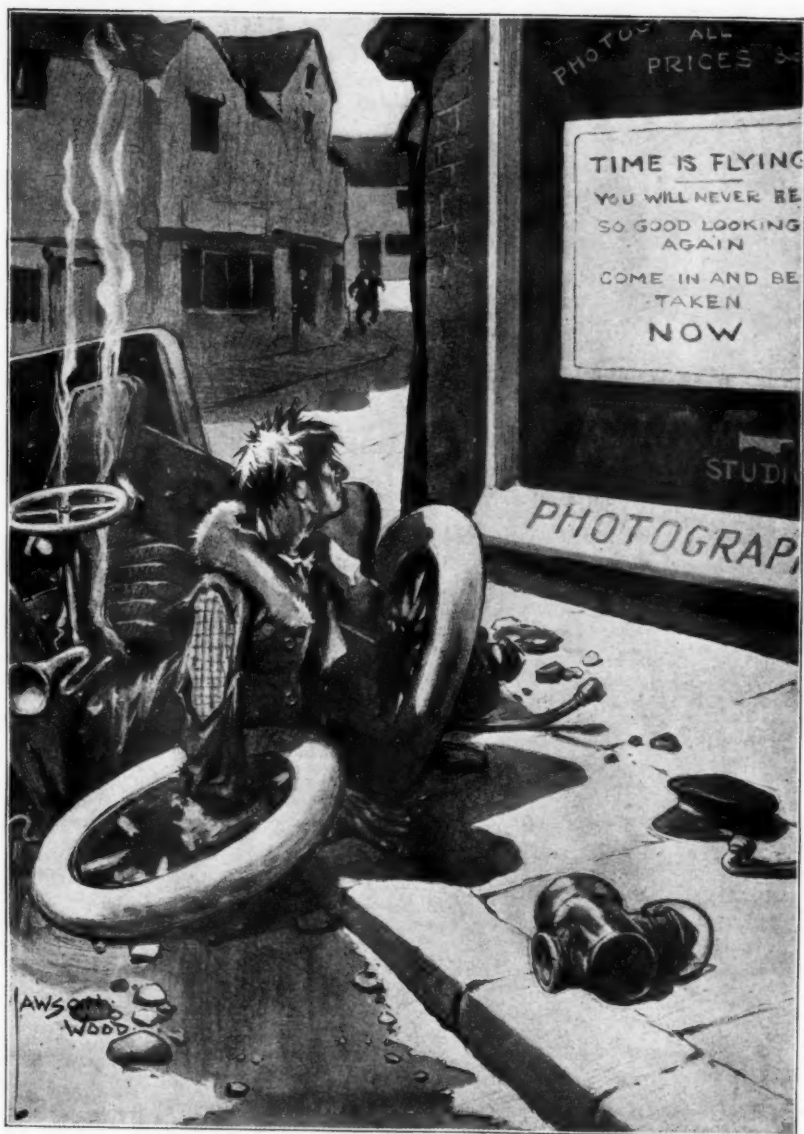
The Chicago Inter-Ocean

The exposition enterprise has become little more than an excuse for a raid on the National Treasury. An advance appropriation is always asked for; and often, as in the case of the Buffalo affair, Congress is worried into making good losses of a public show that failed. Expositions are becoming—in some cases have already become—little more than national "graft" for local benefit. Congress should stop aiding them under pretense of a national benefit received. The way to do so is now easy, for the people are manifestly weary of expositions.

The Power of the Press

The Buffalo News

Klaw and Erlanger owe to the press whatever success they win in their business. It may sometime occur to them that the kind of warfare they are waging on Mr. Metcalfe as a newspaper man is of such a character as to enlist the sympathies of the press at large; and if the Fourth Estate concludes to line up in defense of honest speech in this instance it may be all over with the theatrical gentlemen who carry things with such a high hand.



INSULT ADDED TO INJURY

The Sketch



THE NEW BERLIN CATHEDRAL

This imposing Cathedral of the German Reformed Church, recently dedicated by Kaiser Wilhelm, is intended to be to Protestantism what St. Peter's is to Catholicism: the Mecca of the faithful.

A Protestant St. Peter's

Public Opinion

"Berlin has no significant monument such as St. Peter's in Rome, St. Stephen's in Vienna, the Cathedral in Cologne, the Statue of Liberty in New York. If we look over Berlin from the Kreuzberg amid the sea of houses there is no dominating point, no mighty, towering structure. Therefore, the new cathedral will be the distinguishing characteristic of Berlin."

These words of Kaiser Wilhelm, in reference to the great Berlin cathedral which was dedicated February 26th, may be well supplemented by those of Count von Wabel, who states that "the new cathedral will be a church for the whole of Protestantism in contrast to the English cathedrals

which only serve the English church. This cathedral will be a Protestant St. Peter's, and will be open to all Protestants."

The new church is placed at the end of "Unter den Linden," amid great national monuments, the Palace Bridge, the Old Museum, the National Gallery, the Royal Palace, and the Kaiser Wilhelm Monument. This position is not only well chosen from the artistic standpoint but is eminently in keeping with the spirit of the building, for the cathedral is more than a magnificent house of worship; it is a monumental church of the Hohenzollerns, a symbol of the kingdom, and the embodiment of that brilliant line of achievements which raised the descendants of the Nurnburg Burgrave to the throne of emperors. Although the idea of a great Protestant

cathedral was considered by King Frederick William III, Frederick William IV, and Kaiser William I, the late Kaiser Frederick really perfected the plan. He, urged and supported by his wife, who in 1867 drew up a scheme for the building, commissioned Professor Raschdorf to work on the plans. From 1884 to the end of his life Kaiser Frederick labored constantly for this work, and to such a degree was the plan perfected that on the 9th of July, 1888, a few weeks after the death of his father, the present emperor commenced the erection of the building.

In designing the new church the Renaissance type was chosen for many reasons. In the complete Gothic of the Catholic cathedrals the architect works to accentuate the surroundings of the altar, but in the evangelical

church the idea is different, for here the chief point of interest is the pulpit. In the present case it was also necessary for the exterior of the church to have the appearance of a national thank-offering of the people and the dynasty. Therefore, the only style which could be used was that of the Renaissance.

An Inspirational Church

Public Opinion

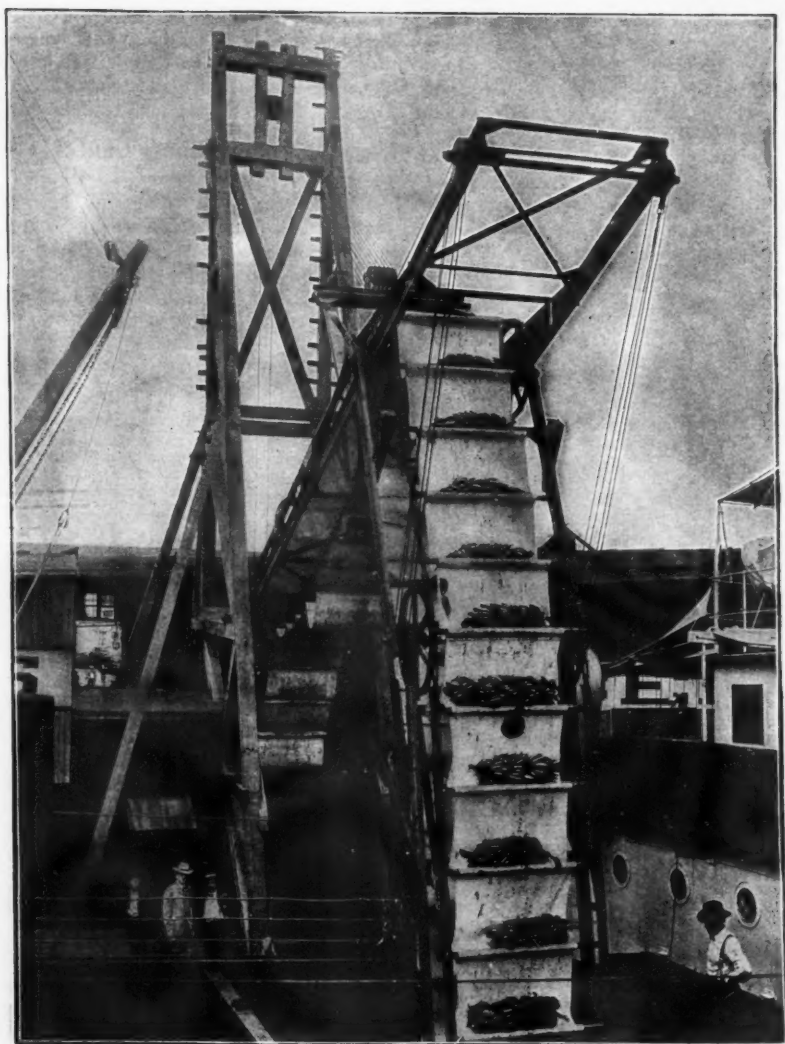
"The Broadway Tabernacle is an inspirational church, not an institutional church," said Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, explaining the nature and the work of the mammoth metropolitan church whose recent dedication is attracting such wide attention. "I wish that impression fostered by the newspapers to be corrected—we have no



Copyright, 1905, by A. F. Bradley

THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE, NEW YORK

This new church building is an example of perfect internal planning and external good taste. Every bit of space is utilized; and the latest modern conveniences, including elevators, make every part of this unique church building easily accessible.



Courtesy of Cassier's Magazine

BANANA CONVEYOR

An electrically driven banana conveyor at New Orleans. The conveyor leg is shown extended from the wharf into the hold of the ship alongside.

theater, no billiard-rooms, no swimming-tanks, no bowling-alleys. It is just an ordinary church in that respect. But it is remarkable as the latest development of the city church. The same forces that are making tall buildings are making our church expand upward rather than outward."

The great "inspirational" church is notable architecturally because its rooms are built in tiers instead of on one floor. "The Tabernacle," says the Rev. Sydney H. Cox, pastor of the Bethany Branch, the real institutional plant of the church, in an article in the *Congregationalist*, "is the embodiment of a Congregationalist statesman's dream of three years ago. The dream is realized in a splendid temple of pale buff brick and pale gray terra-cotta. The general scheme is late French-Gothic, the tower construction reminding one somewhat of Trinity Church, Boston. It is a pioneer destined to have many followers, and the first church thus adapted to modern conditions. The church is not a 'skyscraper.' It is comparatively low—that it may be a striking contrast to surrounding tall buildings—with a magnificent nine-story parish-house at the rear, comprised in a tower, rising majestically with its red-tiled roof one hundred and ninety feet above the pavement. The floor space in the tower building is nearly 35,000 square feet. The entire Tabernacle has about one hundred rooms and can house five thousand people in ten simultaneous meetings, none of which can possibly interfere with the others."

Flour Bleached by Electricity

Collier's Weekly

At least one patent—and there may be others—has been granted in this country to a process for bleaching flour by electricity. The process depends on the bleaching action of the gases produced by sending an electric current through air or water. A French chemist has examined a sample of an electrically bleached flour to see if the composition had been changed in the process; no mention is made of the source of the flour or of where it was

bleached. He reports that the sample is undoubtedly whiter than the unbleached flour, but that it has a less pleasant taste and odor. The general composition is scarcely altered; there is a slight development of acid and a change in the character of the fats, a change in the direction of rancidity. It is shown, therefore, that the food value of the flour is not changed by bleaching, but that the product has the odor and taste of an old and somewhat stale article. Since the whiteness of flour is a purely esthetic matter, it certainly seems questionable whether it is worth while to please the eye at the expense of the palate.

The Last Word

Left-Overs

A weather-beaten tombstone in an old Virginia cemetery bears this inscription:

I await my husband.

May 26, 1840.

Here I am.

Dec. 14, 1861.

A wag passing by added, "Late, as usual."

Indifference to War's Horror

The New York Evening Post

It would take a psychologist to explain why all the world shudders at the blotting out of St. Pierre or the drowning out of a Johnstown—and gladly puts its hand in its purse in order to aid the survivors, while today it regards the far greater loss of life in Manchuria with comparative equanimity—the excuse for a few banal remarks. Let natural forces but triumph over and destroy a few thousand human beings, and everybody groans. But if your supposedly civilized nations set their hundreds of thousands to smashing of skulls, blowing each other to pieces, and wholesale maiming, we merely speculate as to whether the losses are proportionately greater than in other battles, or whether this is the largest slaughter of men on record, and even bet on the exact date when Harbin is likely to fall. Why this distinction when it comes to the taking of human life *en masse*?

Beat This If You Can

Orrin E. Dunlap

Canadians feel that the Yankees are proverbially boastful of having about the biggest of everything, but they smile over the fact that it remained for Mr. William Warnock, of Goderich, Ontario, to raise the largest squash ever grown. This mammoth squash weighed four hundred and three pounds, and, for all Mr. Warnock had previously raised several squash wonders, it beat his record by fourteen and a half pounds. In raising huge squashes Mr. Warnock uses common sense. He does not treat them like babies and feed them milk and other things of the kind, but he believes that the only thing that will increase the size of the fruit must come through the channels of nature out of the vine, and the vine must get its support from the natural roots. Thus squash raising is much like the development of a child. To make a noble man or woman, the foundation must be watched. It must be thoroughly substantial in every way. After a mistake has been made, followed by a stunting or false growth, no amount of artificial feeding or building up will equal the work of nature. Squashes and children must be fed from the "roots," so to speak.

Speak Up, Gentlemen!

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

President Roosevelt is still looking for a \$100,000 man to carry the Panama Canal project to a successful finish. The pay is big enough, but the specifications call for a Napoleon in strategy, a Rockefeller in executive ability, and a Russell Sage in economy.

An Upper-Cut at the Pullman

The Hartford Courant

While legislatures cannot interfere with interstate commerce, they still have their rights. The Albany Legislature is within its rights in the measure proposed there forbidding the Pullman company from making up an unsold "upper" over a customer who has

bought the lower berth. This outrage is perpetrated all over the country, and is as aggravating as it is mean. If only two passengers are in a big car, each having a lower, the porter must make up the berths above them. The reason is simple. It is to force them to buy also the upper and thus save themselves from annoyance. The people do not always knock the corporations out at Albany, but the righteousness of this cause ought to help it along even there.

Disillusion

Punch

ADDRESSED TO A LADY GOLFER

Lady, I have loved you long and truly,
But my love has languished and has passed;
My forbearance you have tried unduly,
Till at last,

One short word, unmeet for lips of ladies,
Plunged me in a disillusioned Hades.

On the links the links of love were broken
That so long had fastened you and me,
That irrevocable word was spoken
O'er the tee;

Henceforth, woman finds in me a scoffer,
More especially the woman golfer.

Straining for a stroke I saw you, nearly
(So it struck me) in a circle curled,
Swiftly swooped the club down, yet you merely
Hit the world;

And the ball you thought would soar off spinning,
Sat serenely, so to put it, grinning.

Just a fad I deemed it when you took a
Half an hour to get your bearings right,
Though your queer contortions made you look a
Perfect fright;
Still I thought your conduct more than faddy
When you hurled your driver at the caddy.

While the irate victim glared and bristled,
And I watched with fascinated stare,
Once again the driver fairly whistled
Through the air;
But you missed the ball, and, tottering, lost your
Balance, and assumed a sitting posture.

Then to most unseemly fury goaded,
Lady, there you made me what I am;
From your lips one wrathful word exploded,
It was "—!"
Quickly I perceived that we must sever,
And I have forsworn your sex forever.

The Eternal Question

A Letter in the New York Globe

Is marriage a failure? For women,
no; for men, yes. I am speaking of
marriage under the most favorable con-



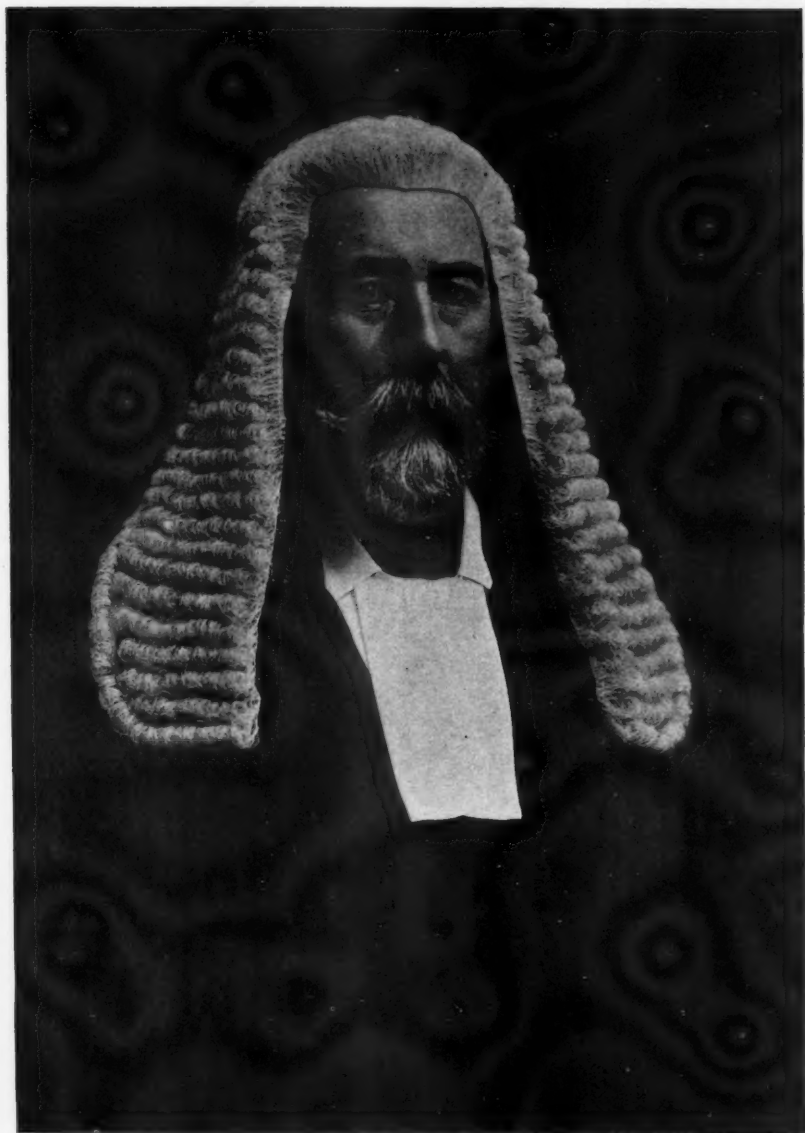
THE LARGEST SQUASH EVER GROWN

This mammoth vegetable was grown on a farm in Ontario, Canada, and weighed 403 pounds.

ditions at present attainable, viz., financial comfort and as much harmony as is attainable in the present development of human beings between husband and wife. In what are called happy marriages the wife is generally content. She has what all women enjoy—a devoted slave, her husband. But it is in precisely the "happy" marriage that the husband is most wretched, for no marriage can be "happy" except by

the complete submission and abject subjection of the husband to the wife. Women cannot be subdued; men can be, and "gentlemen" after marriage invariably are.

No man can be happy who does not enjoy personal liberty. No woman can be happy until she has robbed some man of his liberty. In marriage equality is impossible. A woman does not want an equal. She wants a slave. In



JUSTICE R. E. O'CONNOR

The newly appointed President-Judge of the Federal Arbitration Court for the
Australian Commonwealth

"unhappy" marriages the husband is not a slave. That is why the marriage is unhappy.

An institution of which this is true is a failure for men. It is only a failure for women when it happens that the husband does not submit like a gentleman—a slave—to his wife. And there you are!

A National Arbitrator

Burrias Gahan

Mr. Justice R. E. O'Connor, junior puisne judge of the High Court of Australia, was gazetted on February 10, 1905, as the first president of the Federal Arbitration Court. Before his elevation to the High Court bench, Mr. O'Connor was leader in the Federal Senate for the protectionist government of Sir Edmund Barton. His premier, Sir Edmund Barton, was elevated at the same time to the senior puisne judgeship of the High Court of Australia.

Mr. O'Connor is a Roman Catholic and enjoys the perfect confidence of all classes. In political life he was

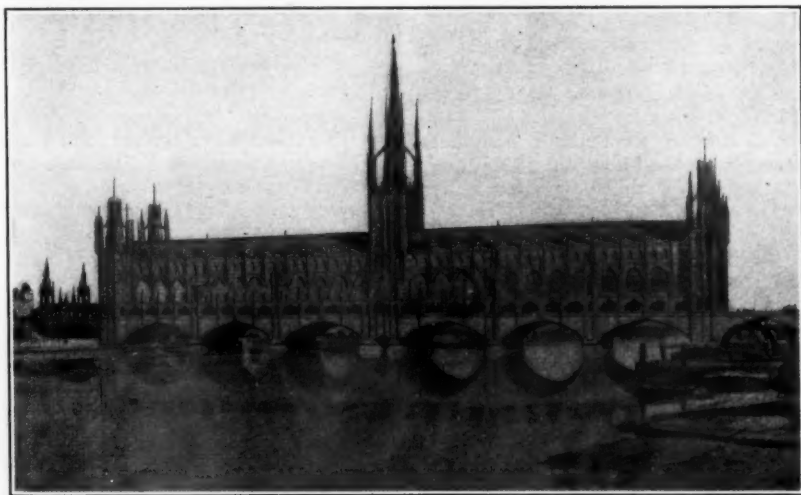
conspicuous for his reasonableness, his good temper, and his conciliatory spirit—qualities which make him eminently fitted for the presidency of the new Arbitration Court.

A County Hall on a Bridge

The London Chronicle

Many suggestions, official and private, have been made for an adequate County Hall to take the place of the present meager building at Spring Gardens with its supplementary offices scattered around the neighborhood. It has been reserved for Mr. A. R. Bennett, a well-known electrical engineer, to propose a scheme which is at once the boldest and most original yet submitted to the County Council. Mr. Bennett's proposal comprises not only a scheme for a County Hall, but for a new bridge across the Thames, and includes also the linking together of the tramway systems of North and South London.

Its most daring feature, and one which is likely to give rise to a good deal of discussion is, that the County



The Sphere

A COUNTY HALL ON A BRIDGE

Gothic design by Mr. A. R. Bennett for a hall for the use of the London County Council. It is to be built on the new Temple Bridge over the Thames near the Strand.

Hall is proposed to be built upon the new bridge.

A commanding feature of this gothic County Hall would be a central tower and spire reaching to a height of 445 feet above the roadway, and 487 feet above high-water mark. This would be the tallest spire in the United Kingdom, and the second highest in the world, that of Cologne Cathedral alone overtopping it. At a height of 349 feet above high-water mark would be situated an observation platform, rendered easy of access by an electric line. From this platform an unequalled view would be obtained of the surrounding country.

The Council Chamber would be situated under this tower, on the first floor immediately over the vaulting of the bridge. It is in Mr. Bennett's design a chamber of magnificent appearance. On either side of the Council Chamber would be placed about twenty committee rooms. Running the whole length of the bridge on either side of the first story would be terraces, each 16 feet wide. The second story, comprising an area of 64,232 square feet, would, after deducting corridor space, provide 49,728 square feet of floor, which would accommodate 1200 persons at the ample rate of 41.44 square feet to each. The third story would provide the same amount of effective floor space, but the corridor would be replaced by two balconies running from end to end, with occasional cross-bridges and staircases to the second floor.

Common Business Morals

The Hartford Courant

Here's another suggestive picture of twentieth-century business morals. The *Wall Street Journal* quotes a director of the Chicago and Northwestern as saying:

"Northwestern, St. Paul, Omaha, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Union Pacific have gone up because those who have access to the books of those companies know how tremendous have been the net earnings of these companies during the past six months, and how bright is the outlook for the next year."

This goes as a natural piece of news and an interesting communication. Nobody seems to take in the fact that those who "have access to the books" have that access because they are trustees and managers for those who also own the property but do not have the convenient "access." What the paragraph amounts to is that the insiders, observing the increasing value of the property they are in control of, use that opportunity to buy out at less than its value the stock held by those who have not the opportunity to look at the books and learn what the real value is. In little matters, this sort of thing is shocking.

The Littlest Hand

Collier's Weekly

The years have stolen many mem'ries, yet
They've left me some that can not be
dispelled—
Your kiss—a little hand—the night we met—
The littlest hand that I had ever held.

It all comes back, that well-remembered scene,
That parting first from you, then from
my geld.
Two dinky little two-spots and a queen;
The littlest hand that I had ever held.

Do You Know?

The Chicago Record-Herald.

That Julius Cæsar never got half as many electoral votes as have been given to Theodore Roosevelt?

That Noah's ark didn't cost as much as J. Pierpont Morgan's private yacht?

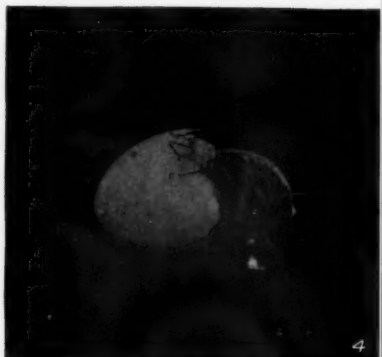
That Cleopatra couldn't have paid the taxes on half of Hetty Green's property?

That the speeches of Senator Beveridge would make a larger book than would those of Demosthenes and Cicero together?

That John W. Gates has in a single deal pulled out more than all the wealth of Croesus amounted to?

That William Shakespeare's income never amounted to as much per year as George Ade's is per month?

That never while he was preaching on earth did Jesus Christ receive half as much attention as is given to John D., Jr.?



A SPRING DÉBUTANTE

Photographs by Oliver G. Pike

The Song of the Retreating Russian Armies

Bertrand Shadwell in *The Boston Transcript*

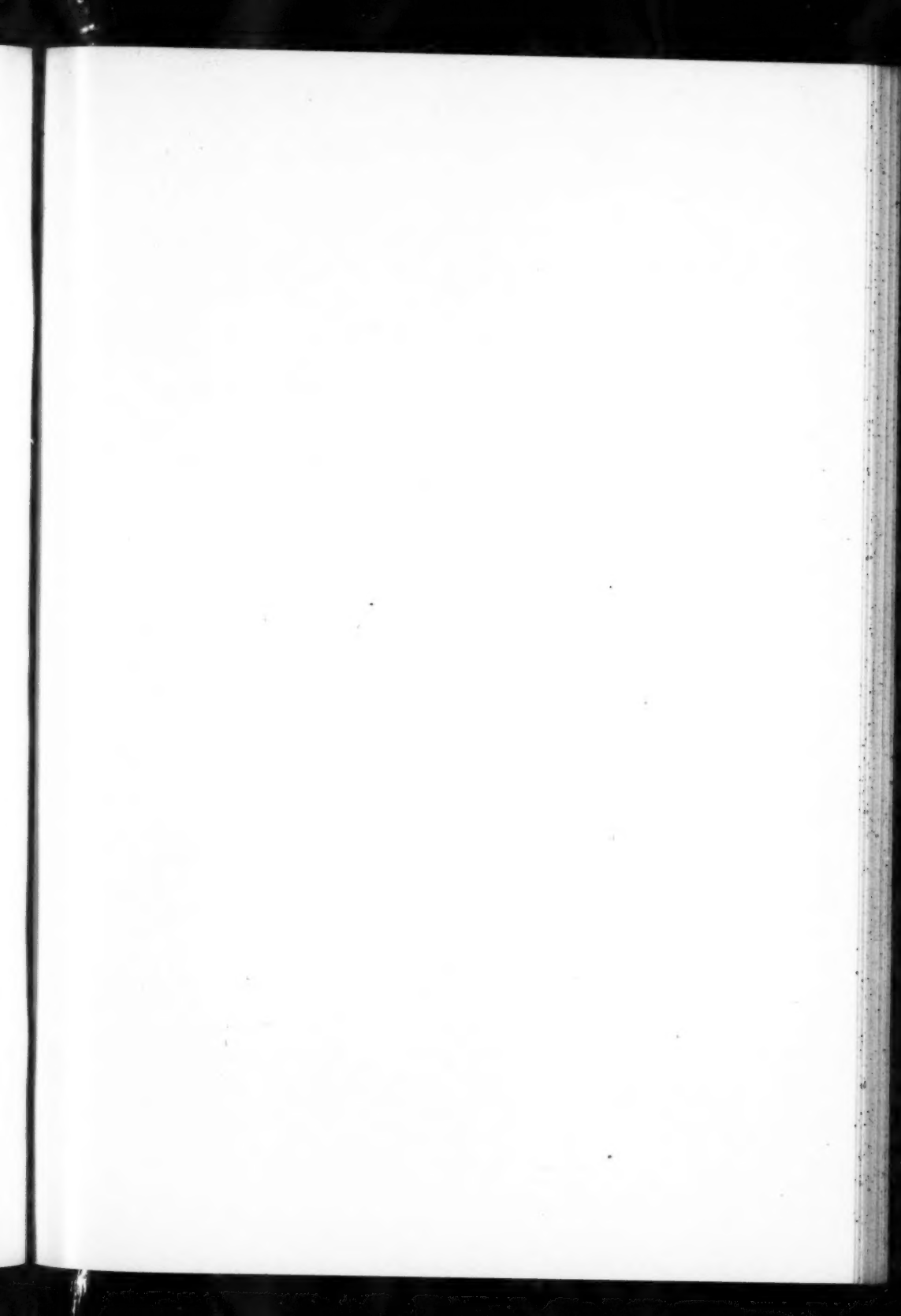
We're marching on to freedom, in the dark
before the dawning;
The shells are bursting round us, and the
shrapnel shriek on high.
We're marching on to freedom through the
black and bloody morning;
A crimson thread is in the east, and creeps
across the sky.
We're hopelessly defeated: let the joyous news
be shouted.
Our armies are in full retreat and soon we
shall be free.
Outfought and outmaneuvered, outflanked and
raked and routed,
Three hundred thousand beaten men are
singing like the sea.
Our forces fill the valleys full; the plain is
overflowing;
Our bayonets clothe the trampled earth like
fields of sloping corn.
Above the distant mountain-tops the light is
slowly growing;
A scarlet cord is in the east, and soon it will
be morn.
O, grave, where is thy victory? O, death, where
is thy stinging?
We die that Russia may be free; we lose
that she may gain.
There's blood upon the road we take, but still
we take it singing,
Our triumph is in our defeat, our glory in
our pain.
We're marching on to freedom through the
blood-red light of morning;
The cannon roar behind us, and the dead
are falling fast.
You can see our patient faces, in the crimson
of the dawning;
We've suffered through the weary night, but
day has come at last.
For we're beaten—beaten—beaten! Let the
joyous news be shouted;
We've lost the tyrant's battle now, and soon
we shall be free.
Wronged, robbed, oppressed, tormented, im-
prisoned, exiled, knouted,
A hundred million Russian Slavs are rising
like the sea.

Milk Bottles of Paper

American Medicine

The many disadvantages of the glass milk bottle, as now almost universally employed, are well-known. One of the most serious is the difficulty in securing proper cleansing before it is refilled, with the accompanying possibility of spreading infection. Efforts to secure improvement in this detail of milk ser-

vice have heretofore been unsuccessful, mainly because of failure to obtain a satisfactory substitute. Recent investigations by Dr. A. H. Stewart of the bacteriologic department, Philadelphia bureau of health, indicates that at last a very acceptable container has been found in what he designates as a single-service paper milk bottle. It is made of heavy spruce wood fibre paper, conic in shape to facilitate nesting, and with an ingenious locking device to retain the bottom. An important feature of the bottle is its saturation with paraffin by being dipped in that substance at 212 degrees, Fahrenheit, and then baked. This sterilizes the bottle and prevents the milk coming in contact with the paper itself and adhering, as it does to the glass bottle. For shipment, the bottles are packed in nests of 20, three nests being sealed in a sterile bag; the lids are also put up in sterile packages. Bacteriologic tests with sample bottles were exceedingly satisfactory. As received from the manufactory, none were found to contain micro-organisms. Closed bottles were sent to several dairies near Philadelphia, a glass bottle and a paper bottle at each being filled from the same lot of milk. When received at the bureau, the glass bottles invariably showed slight leakage around the caps, the paper bottles did not. In every instance the milk in the paper bottle contained fewer bacteria than did that in the glass bottle, the average being a fourth as many as in the latter. Certified milk in the paper bottles kept sweet two days longer than that in the glass bottles. If these paper containers give such results in general use, the delivery of milk in cities bids fair to be revolutionized. They are light, tightly sealed, perfectly clean and sterile, and are to be used but once, thus doing away with all bottle-washing in private houses and in milk depots. Their cost is such that they may be used without increasing the price of milk to the consumer. The subject is one that should at once be thoroughly investigated to determine if every-day use confirms these laboratory findings. If it does, a very great advance has been made.





EXPECTANCY